SUPERB CHRISTMAS NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Ann Arbor School District
ANN ARBOR, MICH.
NO ONE,

VOL. XLI.—No. 2138.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

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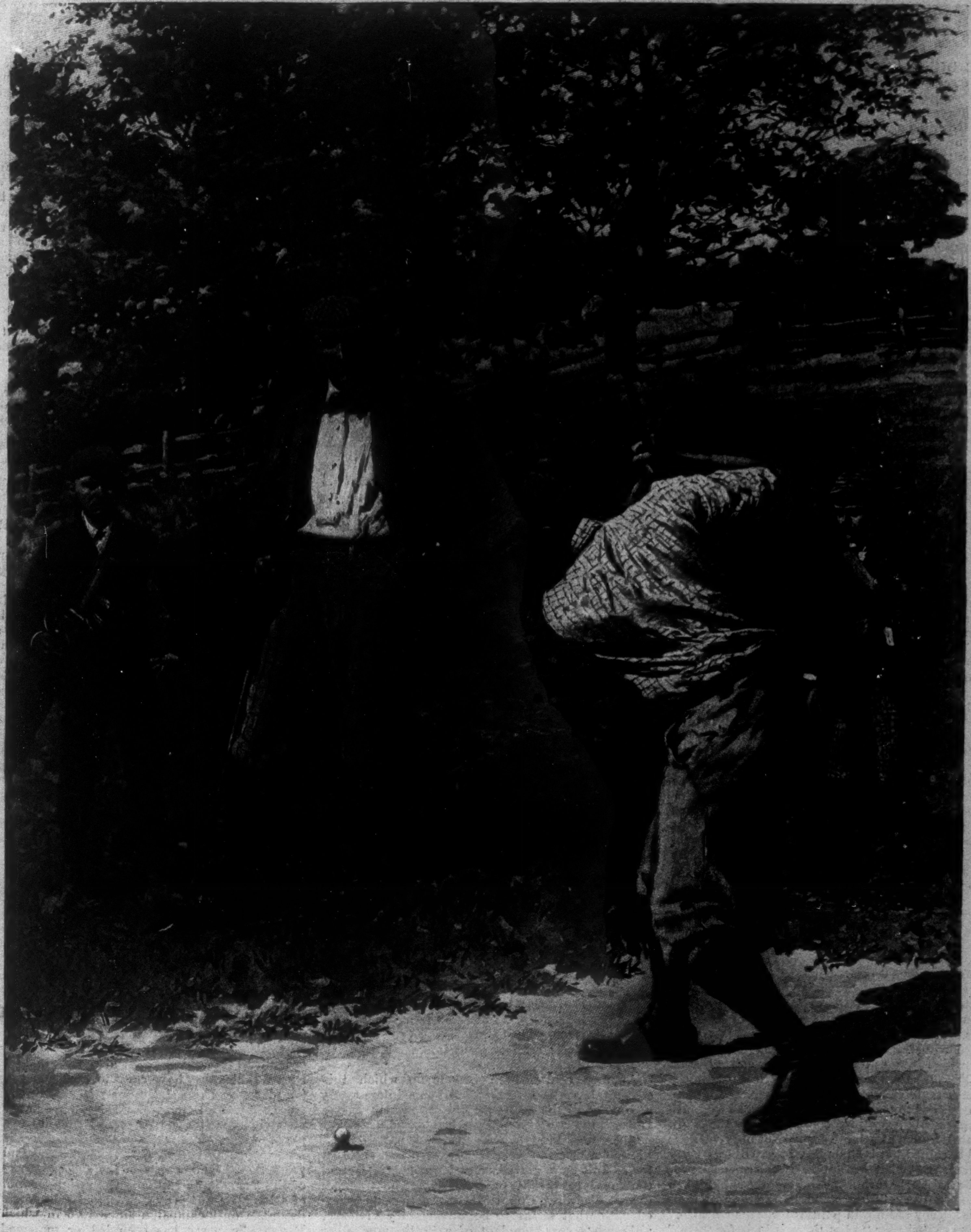

THE DRIVE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 11, 1897

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

MR. DINGLEY'S tariff law is so patent a failure as a revenue measure that its best friends are expressing their disappointment with it. Tariff legislation was set above currency reform by the administration and by Congress because it was said to be necessary to increase the revenue. It was known that this was mere pretence, and that the DINGLEY measure would increase the deficit and not the receipts of the Treasury. Its author and his party insisted on their higher duties. The result is as was foreseen. On November 30, the end of the first five months of the fiscal year, the deficit of the Treasury was $46,000,000, indicating roughly a total deficit for the year of $110,000,000.

APROPOS of a statement made on this page a few weeks since, touching the manner in which this country has performed its duty towards Spain in the matter of preventing filibustering, we have made inquiry for the exact details from the Navy Department. The government has maintained a patrol fleet on the coast of Florida for the last two years, consisting of the following vessels: *Raleigh*, *Cincinnati*, *Amphitrite*, *Maine*, *Montgomery*, *Newark*, *Dolphin*, *Marblehead*, *Vesuvius*, *Wilmington*, *Helena*, *Nashville*, *Annapolis*, and *Detroit*. Most of the time three vessels have been on duty, and the cost of the service has ranged from $15,000 to $60,000 a month. The best witnesses to the effectiveness of this patrol service are the filibusters themselves. If Spanish troops and war-ships had been as efficient against the insurgents as our navy has been against filibusters, the insurrection would have been conquered long ago.

A MOST important legal reform, long agitated, has at last triumphed in France. The police power in France has been that of an absolutism. Arrests have been made without explanation of the charges against the party arrested. Prisoners have been kept in jail indefinitely without a hearing until a *juge d'instruction*, of his own volition, has ordered them before him to be interrogated in secret. In the mean time the police have had the right, which they almost invariably exercised, to search their prisoners' apartments, to examine their private papers and open their mail, the post-office authorities giving up private letters for examination. No such thing as *habeas corpus* was known in France. Senator BENJAMIN CONSTANS has been for years urging the passage of a bill giving to the accused the right of counsel at the hearings before the *juge d'instruction*, and making it obligatory on that hitherto absolute ruler to give a hearing within twenty-four hours. This measure has now become a law, and France is so much the nearer to being a true republic than she ever was before.

THE New York and Brooklyn Aldermen are going out of office at the end of the year. Realizing that what they steal or sell of the city's property and rights they must lay hold of quickly, they are illustrating what Tammany politicians can do when they obey all the wild impulses of their natures. A Tammany railway crowd has been presented with franchises in the Borough of Brooklyn which are estimated to be worth at least $7,000,000. In the old city of New York the Aldermen have voted to permit another Tammany crowd to tear up for a trolley road a beautiful park highway just completed by the Park Commissioners at a large cost. Not only will the road be ruined, but Pelham Bay Park will be greatly injured. But what do Tammany Aldermen care for the beauties of nature or the rights of the public when these trumpery things stand in the way of their trade? They are not in politics for "their health." They are there for "what there is in it for them." A Tammany Alderman who does not make enough money out of his political career to enable him to establish a "dive" or a bar-room is not worthy of CROKER'S leadership. But the important thing is that New York is getting its first taste of what CROKER has in store for it.

COUNT BADENI and his cabinet have resigned to avoid bloodshed, and Baron GAUTSCH, who is more popular with the Germans, has taken the office of Premier. This, however, is not the only important news from Austria. Europe is congratulating itself that at last a strong man has made his appearance, outside of Russia, who is willing to use all his resources against the Turk. The Sultan undertook to punish, after Turkish methods, the agent of the Austrian Lloyd's at Mersina for giving to some Armenian refugees cheap passage on the company's ships. Upon this Count GOLUCHOWSKI, the Austrian foreign minister, interfered. He ordered Baron CALICE, the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, to demand full redress for this outrage and the immediate payment of a railway debt of $1,250,000. The demand was backed up by war-ships at Mersina, and the Sultan was forced to yield. He saluted the Austrian flag with military ceremonies. He discharged the governors of the province and the city, and he ordered the debt to be paid at once. All this has come upon European diplomacy like a fresh and invigorating breeze. After all these months of pusillanimity on the part of the six powers, one man has brought the Sultan to his knees, and has shown, as the *Spectator* says, that the "assassin" is a "sovereign whom Europe endures, but who cannot resist by force any reasonable demand which a first-class power is prepared to support with shot and shell."

Count GOLUCHOWSKI has not only shown himself to be probably the strongest foreign minister in Europe, but he is preparing to take his place at the head of the continental council-board. A few days ago he made a suggestion that is most entertaining to this side of the water. He advises Europe to prepare for a commercial war with this country; in other words, to defend itself and its people against the commercial war which this country is maintaining against Europe. The Austrian Secretary's advice does not fall on dull ears or encounter unready dispositions. There is no country in western Europe, except England, that would not like to follow Count GOLUCHOWSKI'S advice. Whether they dare or not is another question, a question to be answered prudently, for an abundant food-supply—such as this country has—is not to be lightly warred upon by nations that cannot retaliate for our tariff policy except by making food dear to its people.

SOME of the German Emperor's foreign complications may be due to the proneness of people of foreign countries to annoy German citizens, although some of it may be of his own devising for the purpose of helping along the request or demand that he made in his speech to the Reichstag, last Tuesday week, for a large appropriation for the navy, the most important of German foreign complications being of a character to suggest the value of a large fleet of war-ships. The Emperor seems determined to establish Germany as a naval power in the Pacific, and to that end he has seized the Bay of Kiao-chou, in China. It is true that the seizure was made to punish the Chinese for the murder of two German missionaries, but the demands for reparation are of such an extravagant character that the Chinese Emperor positively refuses to yield to them, and the Kaiser is not unmindful of the naval advantage of the bay. In England it is urged that Russia may regard the action of the Emperor as unfriendly, and there are signs that it does. It is pointed out that the seizure followed hard upon Russia's refusal to permit the Sultan to spend money in German dock-yards until he had paid the indemnity due to Russia. On the other hand, it is suggested that Russia is willing that Germany should be her neighbor in China, in anticipation of trouble with England. In view of this latter possibility, friends of England will hope that it is true that China has given to Great Britain needed land near Hong-kong.

Another complication is one in which this country has already expressed some interest. It grows out of the arrest and imprisonment of one LÜDERS, the son of a German father and a Haitian mother, who, though born in Haiti, has declared himself a German citizen. LÜDERS was arrested for assault upon an officer, and was fined $500 and sentenced to prison for a year. The German chargé d'affaires, Count SCHWERIN, thereupon acted with what seems to be unnecessary violence, although a correspondent of a Berlin newspaper insists that the roughness was essential, that the negro republic was determined to take harsh measures against the Germans, and that the judges were bribed—by whom he does not declare. He also asserts that the Germans at Haiti were in danger of assassination. This correspondent further says that the American minister, Mr. POWELL, was obliged to threaten the Haitian government with American war-ships in order to secure the liberation of LÜDERS. At any rate, Mr. POWELL intervened, and other reports say that LÜDERS was released at the request of the American minister and as a favor to this government. LÜDERS is now in Berlin, in communication, according to the London *Times's* Berlin correspondent, with the foreign office. Count SCHWERIN forced himself into the presence of President SÁM, and demanded the release of LÜDERS within twenty-four hours, the payment of $1000 a day for the time of his detention, and of $5000 a day for every day of detention thereafter. He also demanded the punishment of the judges and the police connected with the affair. He also severed diplomatic relations with Haiti, and announced that war-ships were on their way to subdue the republic. The German colony, about seventy persons, were placed under the protection of the American minister. Our own government put itself in an attitude of readiness, and Minister WHITE, at Berlin, was instructed to make the proper representations in case Germany should proceed to extremes. This meant, of course, that the MONROE doctrine was to be applied if circumstances warranted it, and, if the Germans had undertaken to oppress Haiti unduly, it was a most excellent occasion for its application. However, LÜDERS is released, and the Emperor seems to have thought better of the matter, and to have countermanded the order for unduly oppressing Haiti.

PARTIES AND MACHINES.

THE degradation of politics for which the two parties are responsible is receiving almost daily illustration. Within a few days RICHARD CROKER has announced that he recognizes Senator EDWARD MURPHY as the Democratic leader of New York State. This announcement is important because it means that CROKER probably has the power to make or unmake party leaders, and therefore to set up or defeat candidates for the highest offices of the State, including candidates for the Governorship, while, if there be a Democratic majority in the next Legislature, he may make himself, or any one he may choose, a Senator of the United States. Already it is rumored that he is contemplating a vindication of himself by constituting either himself or Senator MURPHY'S son-in-law, ex-Mayor GRANT, as United States Senator.

There is no necessity of entering at length into a description, or what the newspapers call a "character sketch," of the two worthies who are now the head of the Democratic organization of New York. They are thoroughly well known. Their lives have not been exactly as an open book, but they have been at least as a closed book whose binding and lettering sufficiently indicate the baseness and vileness of the contents. Twenty-five or thirty years ago political men having a standing to maintain among decent members of the community would have transacted their dubious business with men like CROKER and MURPHY in a convenient bar-room. They are now no more worthy of respectable association than they were then, but we judge from the presence of young Mr. MCCLELLAN and young Mr. CHANLER among the heelers of Tammany that time has worked a change, and that respectable people do not repudiate their ambitious or needy friends who gain what they desire through becoming the subservient followers of CROKER, who is to-day no nearer being a gentleman than when he was the leader of the tunnel gang. Here is a fact, however, that is a great tribute to CROKER'S power, and one that has a wider and more important range.

There are no longer in this country any parties, in the sense in which we understood parties before the war, and in the sense in which parties are still understood in Great Britain and her self-governing colonies. In that sense parties imply differences of political thought or political tendencies. In the United States they have come to mean competition for place, and especially for the emoluments of place. Among Democratic leaders there have been men who are still opposed to the Republican principle of protection, but the Presidential campaign of 1892 was conducted by GORMAN, who was and is a protectionist, and who was the successor, as head of the Democratic National Campaign Committee, of a long line of protectionist party leaders. Indeed, the only campaign since 1876 in which the Democratic party has been led, or managed, by men opposed to the leading principle of the Republican party was that of last year, when the candidate and his campaign committee believed in and fully represented the same dangerous tendencies, but even these were offshoots of the collectivism inculcated by Republicanism. There are no longer any parties in this country, however, not only because, whatever platforms may say, there is no real division on questions of the day or on general principles of government among those who lead parties, but because the rank and file of the party—the people who vote its ticket—have no word in its management and no effective voice in the naming of candidates. This republic, in other words, is governed by two oligarchical associations, which, in their turn, are controlled by men of the baser sort, for Crokers, Murphys, and Platts are not confined to the State of New York. We have James Smith, Jr., and Senator Sewell in New Jersey, Gorman in Maryland, Hanna, Brice, and McLean in Ohio, Tillman in South Carolina, Quay in Pennsylvania—and all of these combined we have in national politics. The fact that young men who have political ambitions, or need for public employment, and who would naturally dislike to have Croker meet the women of their families, become his friends and servants, is due to the same fact that attached men to the Ten in Venice, and that made of surpassing value the friendship and even the notice of the imperial blackguards of Rome.

Croker makes and unmakes political careers, and so do Platt, Murphy, and Quay. They, and not their parties, are the makers of nominations. Primaries and conventions are mere forms to please old-fashioned scruples and to keep up the idea that there are real parties, an idea that is worth a large number of votes to the bosses. The voting sheep go on year after year supporting the Croker ticket, or the Platt ticket, or the Quay ticket, because they think that these tickets represent political principles to which they are all attached, bosses and sheep alike; but if it once gets into their heads that the old party names have become meaningless, the bosses will be in danger, and real parties may revive. But the bosses will not be defeated inside their own organizations. That has become impossible, for the very reason that the members of the parties have nothing to say in the management of the organizations, and those who remain within and seek to effect reform through primaries and conventions are much weaker than those who go outside and meet the bosses frankly and courageously at the polls, for one boss at least must be defeated at every election.

The fact that the politics of the country is in the power of machines ruled absolutely by bosses has an important bearing on all efforts to reform parties. At present Platt and Quigg are frightened. The movement against them is apparently vigorous, and those who are at the head of it are determined that Platt shall not carry on his trade under the once respectable and respected name of Republicanism. He knows—no one better—that with a party ruled by its voters, as all parties in a democracy ought to be ruled, he and Quigg would be of very little importance. Under present conditions, however, he has absolute power, because he has possession of the machinery by which the Republican voters are supposed to express their will. He controls the enrolment and the count at the primaries, and he uses his power for the accomplishment of his own ends, so that the delegates to every nominating convention are of his own selection, as, therefore, the candidates are of his choosing or dictation. It is notorious that his power in the city of New York is due to a false and fraudulent enrolment. Quigg now announces that he and Platt will permit a new enrolment, and invites all Republicans, including especially those who voted for Mr. Low, to unite in an effort to secure party harmony by joining in the making of a new enrolment. This is merely a sign of fear. It is certainly not repentance. Platt and Quigg are confident that harmony means nothing more nor less than the continuance of Platt's bossship; that, under existing party conditions, Platt can no more be defeated at a Republican primary than Croker can be defeated at a Tammany primary. Republicans have tried fighting Platt inside of the party before this, but the fighting has always ended in surrender. The case of poor Mr. Bliss is the most apt illustration of the futility of meeting Platt in his own primaries. Mr. Bliss not only lost his case, but eventually his reputation.

There is only one method by which the bosses can be driven out of parties, and that is by attacks of their fellow-partisans from outside of their organization. The two parties will never be controlled by their own members, will never represent principles, until they recognize that their machines are not themselves, but corrupt and usually ignorant oligarchies that rule them, use them, and cheat them for the personal benefit of the bosses and their henchmen. These machines can never be beaten from inside their lines, for a modern primary votes always as the boss directs—at least the vote is counted that way. Republicans and Democrats who believe in their party's declarations must act independently of their organizations, and must defeat their machines, if we are to have real parties in this country. The blow that smashes either machine must come from outside, and must be dealt by the party it pretends to represent.

THE TASK OF THE CITIZENS' UNION.

That the Citizens' Union has resolved to maintain its organization and to stay in the field for future contests is welcome news to every friend of good government in New York. Although it failed at the late election, it received support large enough to show that its principles and aims have a good foothold among our citizens, and that, if the lessons taught by its defeat are well understood and acted upon, it may hope for complete success at a day not far distant. It is now entering upon a long campaign, and in laying out a plan of operations it should be mindful of the causes of its temporary failure.

One of the principal elements of weakness in our municipal reform movements has been their lack of continuity. From time to time, when the conduct of municipal affairs by Tammany Hall had become conspicuously outrageous, a committee of public-spirited gentlemen would, so to speak, descend from the clouds to appeal to the conscience and enlightened patriotism of the community, and to teach the poorer and less educated classes of the population the duties of good citizenship, and then, when the fight was over, to disappear again from the scene. Such efforts were very meritorious, but they produced the desired effect only when the public mind was wrought up to the highest degree of excitement by especially atrocious and intolerable misrule. And then, after a short period of reform government, Tammany returned to its old places of power, and the work had to be taken up again from the beginning. The reasons for such rapid changes are not far to seek. One of them was that the reform forces, between campaigns, came more or less out of contact with the masses of the people, while the representatives and agents of Tammany Hall remained constantly among the classes of the population which furnish the most votes, doing those who were in need or trouble, or who wished to enjoy this or that advantage which the law denied them, good turns in an endless variety of ways—a systematic practice which, however selfish in its motives, could not fail to find response and to create attachments. The result could not be doubtful.

The reformers, when they periodically appealed to those classes of the population, appeared as strangers, who were listened to with a certain respect, perhaps, but without that sympathetic understanding which is inspired by friendly and frequent personal intercourse—while the representatives of Tammany had been constantly on the ground establishing and maintaining personal relations, and making themselves agreeable and useful in the good as well as in the bad sense. It is no wonder that it required circumstances of an unusually exciting nature, such as those produced by the exposure of the Tweed régime or by the Lexow investigation, to make the appeals of the occasionally appearing reformer stronger in their effect than those of the familiar Tammany friend.

The Citizens' Union can counteract this peculiar power of Tammany only by spreading its organization over the whole city, and by permanently maintaining as many local headquarters as possible, such headquarters to be manned with trustworthy, discreet, and active persons capable of carrying on a sympathetic intercourse with the people around them. The representatives of the Citizens' Union can, of course, not do the same things that are done by the agents of Tammany. They cannot serve as the protectors of law-breaking or vice, nor can they keep up a propaganda in low resorts. But they can make themselves immensely useful in various ways entirely consonant with their principles and aims. They can closely watch the operations of Tammany government in detail. Wherever the old system of extortion and blackmail appears again, they can discover it and bring it to public notice. They can make the people around them understand that whoever is wronged or oppressed by any one connected with the municipal government, will find at the headquarters of the Citizens' Union not only a sympathetic hearing, but, whenever that is possible, active aid. Thus they may prevent a good many of those outrages by the police, or the building department, or the public works department, which were perpetrated under Tammany rule years ago, and will in all probability be repeated, unless close watch is kept by somebody constantly on guard.

But the local establishments of the Citizens' Union can do much more. They can study and give expression to the needs, habits, and ways of thinking of those classes of the population whom Mr. Seth Low had in mind when, in his letter of acceptance, he said that "New York, while characteristically an American city, is also, as the Germans say, a world-city, cosmopolitan in fact and cosmopolitan in sentiment," and that "men of every sort of upbringing must be able to live in such a city happily and naturally, of course with due regard to the rights and convictions of others." This was said with special reference to the Raines excise law, of which Mr. Low remarked that it "stands midway between the laws that everybody believes in and the dead laws that nobody believes in," and that "the effective public sentiment behind it, locally, is the only permanent force on which to depend in its administration." There is no doubt that this correctly indicated the liberal sentiments by which the Citizens' Union was animated, and that Mr. Low, had he been elected, would have used his power in this sense. But there is as little doubt that the Citizens' Union was distrusted in this respect by a large number of generally well-disposed citizens, and that this distrust, stimulated by the memory of the sharp enforcement of the Sunday restrictions some time ago, gave Tammany Hall a great many thousands of votes which, had there been absolute confidence in the liberal spirit of the Citizens' Union and its candidate, would have gone to Mr. Low. A constant friendly intercourse between those voters and the representatives of the Citizens' Union would have had, and will now have, the effect of dispelling that distrust on the one hand, and, on the other, of more firmly convincing those elements of society from which the Citizens' Union has so far drawn its main strength that a liberal policy can be pursued, not only without any danger to public order and decency, but with decided benefit to all in promoting general contentment, good feeling between different social classes, and popular respect for the law.

There are still other directions in which much good might be accomplished. It is a well-known fact that several of the improvements introduced in the management of our municipal concerns during the last three years, while highly beneficial in their general effect, especially as to the well-being of the inhabitants of our most densely populated districts, brought certain necessary regulations with them which proved irritating to various classes of people, and thus furnished opportunities to the Tammany demagogues. Nothing, for instance, could have been more indispensable to the accomplishment of an effective system of street-cleaning than the removal of the trucks from the streets, and the enforcement of certain regulations concerning the collection of ashes and garbage. But such measures, however imperatively demanded by the public good, made thousands of unreasoning voters hostile to "reform," and induced them to seek "relief" under Tammany rule. A like effect was produced by the increased tax rate caused by expenditures which had been rendered necessary by Tammany misrule. With regard to these and similar subjects a long and steady campaign of education is required, which can be conducted far more effectively and thoroughly, and with far less of that patronizing air which makes such education unpalatable to the masses, from the local establishment of the Citizens' Union by persons in constant intercourse with the people, than it can be done by the best and most zealous stump-speakers during the few weeks of a municipal canvass.

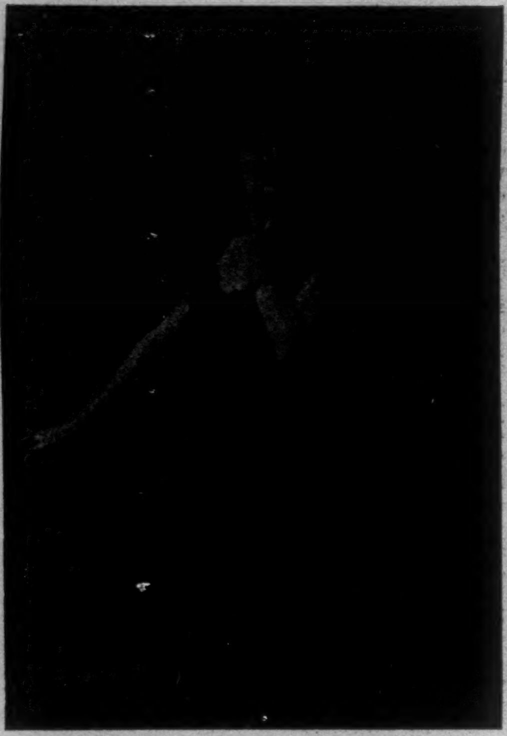
In short, the Citizens' Union should, in all parts of the city, by its representatives, be incessantly in the presence of the masses, to watch the doings of those connected with the municipal government, to expose abuses, to receive the complaints of those who think themselves wronged, to give advice where it may be needed, to aid the oppressed wherever possible, and to spread sound principles of citizenship and correct views of what the common interest demands. If it is thus everywhere *with* the people, it will presently be *of* the people, and it will be found, when another municipal election approaches, that the most important and most difficult work has already been done, instead of having, as heretofore, to be done in the hurry of a short campaign, upon insufficient information as to the popular temper, and by a hastily organized force.

Carl Schurz.

THE FINAL TABLEAU IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY," AS PERFORMED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

THE DRAMA.

The semblance of an idea lurks at the basis of *The Princess and the Butterfly*, by A. W. Pinero, now having its first performances in this country at the New York Lyceum Theatre, but to find it you have to look sharp, and in trying to follow it you are certain to lose it from time to time. In the first act, indeed, you are introduced to a lady, the Princess Pannonia, who seems to be possessed of one idea only—that she is growing old. The Princess has just reached her fortieth birthday, a terrible time for a beauty with a mind so meagrely furnished. She takes pleasure in proclaiming to her friends the sum of her years, and one can easily believe that the dear old dowager who gave her a bangle with forty dangling coins had a neater sense of humor than the dramatist realized. For twenty years—"*Twen*-ty!" she exclaims in horror, with her hands over her face—she has lived in seclusion with her late husband, an aged invalid. Now, however, she is in her native England again, rich and free, eager to keep what youth she has left for life and for love. But forty! Among the babbling insincerities in glittering petticoats who appear in her drawing-room come young Edward Oriel, an earnest but awkward young man, who distinguishes himself by spilling a cup of tea, and Sir George Lamorant, a butterfly, the friend of her girlhood, who grewsomely announces that he is forty-five!



JULIE OPP AS THE PRINCESS PANNONIA IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

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It is a relief in the second act to find that the subject of age is left in abeyance. At Mrs. St. Roche's you meet the insincerities again, with more men among them, as it is night, and you receive hints of various scandalous but well-bred proceedings. Out of the crush of clothes stands one woman, the very personification of the dramatist's idea that she should seem like a figure on a stained-glass window. Her face is white; her hair is red; her blue eyes gleam like steel. She glides forward slowly, making a fine show of her beautiful shoulders. There is something about her that causes you to forget the other women, to forget even the Princess and the charming Italian girl, Fay Zuliani, introduced as the daughter of Sir George's brother. Suddenly that red hair sets the whole place aflame. Sir George declares to his hostess that Mrs. Ware is not a fit person to be allowed to remain among the guests. Of course she leaves, but not until her escort dashes a glass of water over Sir George's shirt front.

It would be absurd to declare that in the third act the plot thickened. Yet we have at last reached something remotely suggestive of cream. The Princess has taken an apartment in Paris, and here she sees young Oriel, who has developed a wild love for her. His avowal constitutes one of the few really fine moments in the piece; indeed, the whole scene between them is admirably executed. She sends him away, fearing to make herself ridiculous, only to be caught in a platonic engagement with Sir George, who persuades her that they can support each other in bearing the burden of age. That tedious subject again! But the Princess succeeds in securing a respite of thirty days before the engagement begins, and on the sudden return of Oriel she naturally gives this interval to the incense of his devotion. This is so pretty and charming that when the fourth act reminds you that Sir George has a duel on, you experience a shock. You had forgotten all about it!

Sir George is writing in the early morning shortly before the meeting; suddenly the irresponsible Fay enters in *bal masqué* costume. She had stolen away to the ball, and she has just returned. In an outburst of anger at her recklessness Sir George tells her that she is not his niece, and reveals the truth about her birth. In the midst of her grief Fay happens to glance at the letter on the table, and discovers that he is about to fight. Her horror causes her to betray that she loves him, and then he realizes that he is in love with her. The situation is developed very skilfully, it provides a nice complication, and it gives a human touch to a character that is dangerously like a prig. Moreover, it leads to a charming climax, the curtain falling as the sobered Fay stands at the window watching Sir George depart—of course not to his death, but to receive the slight wound that will keep him in the country during the last act. The two pairs of lovers are united, the Princess discovering that she can forgive Oriel his youth, and the act is pieced out with a great deal of silly and gratuitous love-making, unrelieved by humor.

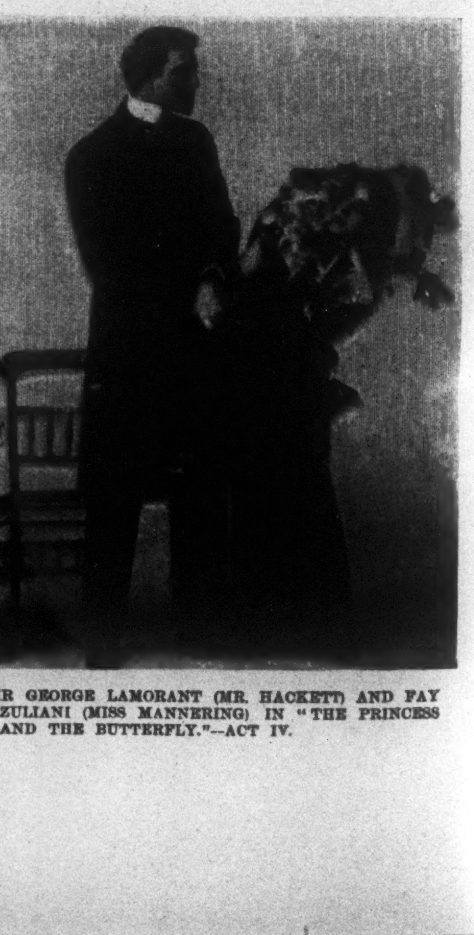
In the performance, which was, on the whole, good, four players stood out conspicuously: Miss Julie Opp as the Princess, Miss Mary Mannering as Fay, Mr. Edward Morgan as Oriel, and Mr. Felix Morris in the small part of Mrs. St. Roche's neglected husband. Though Miss Opp belongs to New York, her stage experience of little more than a year has been gained in England, and in this piece she made her first appearance in this country. She showed that she possessed to an uncommon degree the qualities that contribute to success in the theatre. She has beauty of face and figure, intelligence, a clear, agreeable voice, a delightfully distinct enunciation, and, most important of all, an unmistakable gift for expression. Miss Opp made a superb foil for Miss Mannering, who realized most vividly the temperament and the charm of the erratic Fay, a character new to the stage, and most convincingly drawn. To Mr. Edward Morgan fell the rôle of Oriel, and he is to be credited with success because at a crucial moment he rose to extraordinary fervor.

Madame Alexandra Viarda, the Polish actress, who made her first appearance in this country last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, came heralded as a second Dusé, and as a woman of great social distinction. It is to be hoped that she was not responsible for these eulogies, though they cannot be said to have helped or hindered her prospects. The feeling that animated her audience was apparently simple curiosity. It was plain before the first act had passed that the play *Alexandra*, by Richard Voss, contained very poor material for the exploitation of talent. The weakness of the piece, too, was made the more apparent by the utter incompetency of the translation. Madame Viarda, who spoke in German, and was supported by an English-speaking company, proved to be a woman of graceful carriage, with a face that showed decided temperament if not beauty, with a very charming voice, and with an ease and authority of bearing that suggested long experience. During the first three acts she played with simplicity and with flashes of power. Her delivery of those speeches in which she was called upon to express swift emotion were particularly well done. In the last act, however, where she had to portray suffering and grief, she made a disappointing betrayal of her limitations, becoming theatrical and unconvincing.

The new melodrama at the Academy of Music, *The White Heather*, by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, bears a strong family resemblance to its more recent predecessors, though it is rather quieter and altogether better bred. In this instance the lovely and wronged heroine is a wife by a Scotch marriage. Her husband, who, as melodramatic villains go, is not nearly so cruel to her as he might be, is forced, for selfish reasons, to repudiate the ceremony. This naturally makes the complication which leads to a really novel device. The heroine's marriage certificate, which has been lost, is traced to a vessel lying at the bottom of the sea, and the heroine's husband is just as anxious to get it as she is herself. So he dons a diver's suit and goes down to the wreck to seek the document. The same thought, however, has occurred to one of his wife's champions, who, similarly accoutred, reaches the wreck at very nearly the same moment. The strength of the piece naturally depends on that scene, and the illusion of the depth of the sea is very effectively managed. There are other scenes, too, that are cleverly presented. Though quite overshadowed by the spectacle, the actors played capitally. They included such well-known players as Miss Rose Coghlan, Mr. Francis Carlyle, Miss Madeleine Bouton, Mr. S. Miller Kent, and Miss Olive May. It was a great pleasure to see Miss May on the stage again after her absence of four years. She has lost none of her naturalness and vivacity.

More than a year ago, when the now celebrated Theatrical Trust brought the wealthiest half-dozen of managers into an agreement and secured control of most of the leading theatres in the country, it was thought that the result would be harmful both to dramatic art and to the American actors, who would of course be at the mercy of the combination. Two prominent actors, Mr. Francis Wilson and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, have persistently refused to do business with the Trust, and at present there is a very warm contest between those who favor and those who oppose it. Its objects are of course wholly commercial; it deals in plays as it might deal in any other commodity—simply to make money—and it has acquired so much power that it can greatly injure those actors who refuse to accept its terms. One auspicious result of the combination has been the establishment in a number of cities throughout the country of stock companies which are independent, and not only give actors steady employment and the varied training that they need, but also produce plays that otherwise might never have a hearing. If the Trust continues to foster such enterprises, it will undoubtedly help to produce in this country actor-managers, like those in England and on the Continent, who will care something for good work in the theatre as well as for money-making, and in this way what looks like a serious misfortune will prove, in one particular, to be a blessing.

John D. Barry.



SIR GEORGE LAMORANT (MR. HACKETT) AND FAY ZULIANI (MISS MANNERING) IN "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."—ACT IV.

HENRY DRISLER.

Henry Drisler was born December 27, 1818, and died November 30, 1897. He was imbued with the cheerful, gentle, loving, and self-forgetful spirit of the Christmas season in which he began his life here, and was characterized throughout by the reverent and obedient temper inculcated by the lessons of St. Andrew's day, on which he closed it.

He took life seriously, as one who knew the value of time and opportunity, and felt deeply his responsibility for the use he made of them. He kept steadily in view three great and noble objects—accurate classical scholarship, for its own sake and for the use he could make of it in the instruction of youth; the support and spread of the doctrines and influence of the Episcopal Church, of which he was long a communicant; the service of his fellow-men through associations for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate and for the diffusion of knowledge.

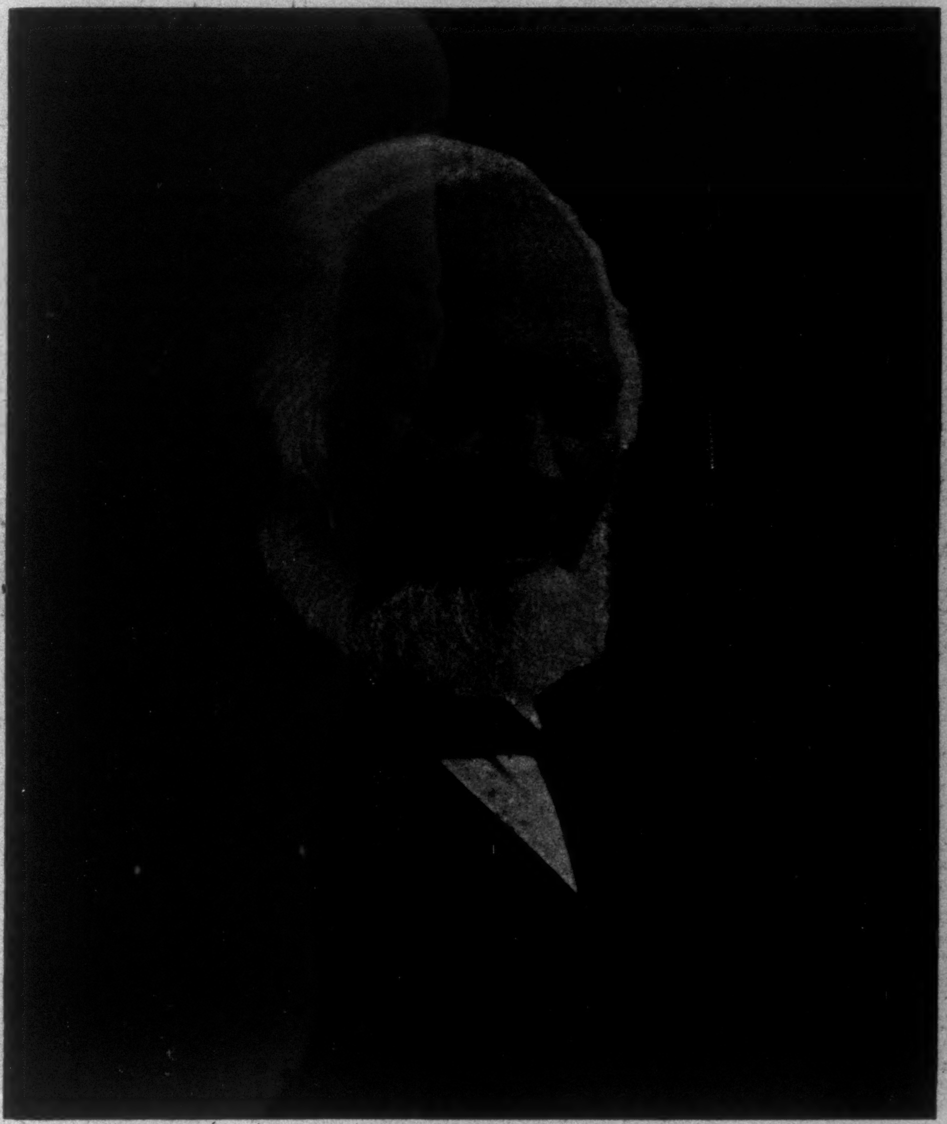
He was widely and favorably known for the extent and the accuracy of his learning in the classical tongues. His labors in lexicography and in the editorship of series of classical works, and the esteem in which the results of them were held by capable men, attest his value in this regard. Harvard University, on the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, recognized them by making him an honorary alumnus, with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Of his devotion as a teacher, successive classes of students for half a century bear witness. He entered the service of Columbia College in 1843, as a tutor of Greek and Latin, and in 1845 became Adjunct Professor in that department. In 1857, on the division of the chair of Greek and Latin Languages, he became Professor of Latin. Ten years later, on the death of his old instructor and friend Professor Anthon, he became Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, in which office he continued until his retirement from active service, and, as Emeritus Professor, until the day of his death.

When President Barnard went abroad in 1867 as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, Professor Drisler became acting President; and again, during the last illness of Doctor Barnard, in 1888-9, he served in the same capacity. It is interesting to note here that when, as a boy, he attended a preparatory school on Staten Island, his teacher, who had great affection for and high hopes of him, told him that he would one day be President of Columbia College. He did not forget this prophecy, though he never spoke of it except to one of his family. At the conclusion of his second term as acting President he was commissioned by all the faculties of the College and its associate schools as their representative to make an address at the installation of the new President, Mr. Low, and in their name to welcome his former pupil as their chief.

On the accession of Mr. Low, Professor Drisler was appointed by the trustees Dean of the College, an office then first created. He was given leave of absence for a year, and travelled in Europe. The impulse to labor for increasing and making better the means to scholarship led him, however, to spend a great part of the time given him for rest and recuperation in Athens, promoting as best he could, from his richly stored mind and long experience, the interests of the American School there for classical study. He felt obliged to decline the office of director of that school, because of his unwillingness to intermit the discharge of his duties at Columbia.

On his retirement in 1894, he was honored in an unusual and most impressive way. The Association of the Alumni of the college invited him to a public reception, to give him, what he scarcely needed, an assurance that "his thorough scholarship, his gentleness and modesty of character, his integrity and Christian charity, his patience as an instructor, and his kindly interest in all who came under his charge have secured for him 'honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,' and have endeared him to successive generations of students of Columbia, whose respect, good wishes, and affectionate solicitude accompany him in his honorable retirement." In his address, which followed, he remarked that "Juvenal, in his Tenth Satire, gives a doleful description of the infirmities, cheerlessness, and miseries of old age, with no corresponding alleviations; but if he had lived in this happier age, and had filled for fifty years the office of instructor of ingenuous youth, his cold heart would have been warmed with unwonted fires, and his soul cheered and delighted when he saw around him, in his old age, on an occasion like this, the joyous faces, and felt the warm hand-touch, of crowds of welcoming pupils." A further testimony of appreciation was given by the preparation, in his honor, of a volume of *Classical Studies*, each article in which was contributed by a former pupil, and the whole given to him in an affecting address at Commencement by one of the contributors, his colleague, the late Professor Merriam. At the same Commencement the trustees of the college, through the Rev. Dr. Dix, presented him with a beautiful gold medal, struck in commemoration of his fiftieth anniversary, together with an appropriate minute printed on vellum. A "Henry Drisler Fellowship in Classical Philology" was also established in the College by the trustees, and President Low endowed a "Henry Drisler Classical Fund" for the benefit of the departments of Greek and Latin.

Thus was gratified his long desire, and his expectation, to complete fifty years of active connection with the College; and the manner of his retirement was as exceptional as the length and character of his services.



PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER.

On his retirement he did not become dull and spiritless as a man without occupation. He felt that he had done his full duty to his *alma mater*, and without loss of cheerfulness or of interest in every-day affairs, he devoted himself to other matters that he had at heart. He had always, as a dictate of judgment and conscience, given a share of his time and of his income to the Church, to works of philanthropy, and to the public good. During the late civil war he was a member of the Union League Club, and did his part in upholding the integrity of the Republic. He was a trustee of the Leake & Watts Orphan Asylum, a trustee of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, and for many years a member of the standing committee of the Diocese of New York, and of the Federate Council of the Church. He was actively interested in public libraries. While a young student in college, he longed to see a great public library in New York. As time went on he became a trustee of the Astor Library, by appointment of Mr. John Jacob Astor, son of the founder. When the Public Library of New York—Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundation—was formed, he became one of the trustees. Not long before his death the plans for that library were approved, and one of the great desires of his life was in process of speedy fulfilment.

On the day before he was taken ill he remarked, while walking near Bryant Park with a friend, that he might not live to see the great building completed, but he hoped to see it rise above the ground. This hope failed of realization. He will not see with his bodily eyes the completed library, but his catholic and scholarly spirit will surely pervade it.

Professor Drisler was happy in his life, in the accomplishment of so much that he ardently desired and attempted, in a peaceful, honored, and well-employed old age, and in a death without pain, that was simply falling asleep.

He liveth long who liveth well!
  All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of true things truly done each day.

J. Howard Van Amringe.

LONDON.

November 19, 1897.

Last month I touched on the influence of the transitory period through which England was passing, upon domestic politics. In foreign affairs the centre of gravity is also changing, but the country has not yet realized the vital difference of the position of the United Kingdom under Lord Salisbury as one commercial power among many, contrasted with the lonely prosperity of the England of Palmerston's time. The prestige of bygone sea power, the change from sails to steam, free trade, the world's custom; gold discoveries in California and Australia, the wars of rivals, and peace at any price, then combined to free England from serious competition in the international race for wealth. Accordingly, many Englishmen have not even yet learned to discard the notion that prosperity for these islands is a law of nature. Immense accumulations of capital were made by England from 1846 to 1876, as a camel puts on fat in an oasis only to lose it in the desert. The pity with which untravelled Englishmen of Palmerston's day regarded foreigners in the mass; their neglect of the Navy; their ignorant contempt for the commercial rivalry of other nations—were symptoms of national megalomania. The events of the last few years are beginning to rouse the middle classes and the more sensible portion of the working-men to a sense of coming danger. Hostile tariffs, dwindling exports, general unpopularity, and an increasing population, already numbering upwards of 40,000,000, involve the discovery and retention of new markets or the alternative of national decay. Markets, however, are scarcely obtainable without new territory. Within twenty-six years Britain has added 2,800,000 square miles to the empire. During this period only a single battalion has been added to the army. Most of the new territory is light soil in bad climates, with high temperatures, and is inaccessible to the emigrant. More mosquitoes and malaria have been added to the British Empire in the last quarter of a century than during the previous 250 years. These wholesale acquisitions expose Britain to the accusation of land-grabbing. Furthermore, the enormous accumulations of wealth all over the civilized world have attracted to our shores a concourse of cosmopolitan money-lenders, who find England a pleasant land to live in. Since debtors are very numerous, and are scattered all over the world, the unpopularity of the small bondholding and cosmopolitan creditor class collected in England is visited upon the nation as a whole, although the people themselves are too thriftless to hold either domestic or foreign bonds.

There are other and historic reasons for the unpopularity of England on the Continent which are none the less grave because conventional journalism agrees to ignore them. The few people who belong to Society are almost as much at home in France as in England. French charm and grace easily subdue all tendency to insularity, and the display of insularity is looked on by some as graver than a moral fault: it is bad taste. Between the two nations, however, there is a gulf fixed which England would like to bridge, if only the French were able to forget. Anglo-French history is one long record of irreconcilable differences, of rival ambitions, and of contests for prizes which could only fall to one of them. Twenty-three times have England and France struggled for mastery. The results of recent struggles have not been calculated to make Frenchmen Anglophiles. England coolly adopted the policy of Dupleix, and then ejected the French from India. French dreams of a northern empire disappeared with their Canadian defeats. Trafalgar ended Napoleonic conceptions of universal rule. British occupation of Egypt is a blow to traditions cherished by France since Louis XIV. sought colonial empire. The Suez Canal is a monument of French genius exerted for the aggrandizement of her secular rival. The issue of the last five Anglo-French wars gave to Britain eighty years' start in the race for empire, enabled her to people the temperate places of the earth with men and women of her own race and language, and to present a contrast between English successes and French failures galling to the gallant spirit of our neighbors.

Under these circumstances the efforts of France to establish an African empire, in compensation for territory that would now be French if it were not English, should command the sympathy of all Englishmen who are not destitute of historic imagination. Unfortunately, however, the activities of enterprising young French officers in the Niger Valley have placed Lord Salisbury in the dilemma of either allowing the tricolor flag to float over a British colony, or of maintaining British rights with the whole force of the empire. In the present Niger dispute, the tail-twisting process has been carried too far. In good-tempered but clear language the Prime Minister made it clear in his Guildhall speech that England will maintain the honor of the flag on the Niger. There seems to be little dispute as to the essential facts. The main difference of opinion arises from the international rules of conduct applicable to the case. If the rules that governed the recent Franco-German Delimitation Agreement are to be applied to the Anglo-French dispute, France has not a leg to stand on. If the Berlin Conference rules are to govern the question, the contention of England will be emphatically sustained. The truth of the matter is that, peaceful as the basis of the Franco-Russian alliance may be, it is not in human nature for France to abstain from efforts to convert it into an instrument to obtain the reversal of some of those decrees of fate which have been adverse to her in her relations with England. I understand, however, that the Russian ambassador, one of the most genial of men, Baron de Staal, has been energetic in using his good offices to allay the irritation that has arisen between France and England in the Niger Valley. As I was present at the reception of President Faure in Petersburg last August, and observed its effect on all classes of Russians, from the *muzhik* to the minister, I can understand how deeply French pride is stimulated towards the recovery of her ancient fame as a world power. It is well to reflect, however, that nations with a dwindling population, and whose emigrant sons suffer from incurable nostalgia, have not yet been known to succeed in establishing a self-supporting colonial empire.

Great Britain has herself to thank for the difficulties which have arisen with France. The desire for peace is so deep-rooted in the nation that gained eighty years' start in the race for empire, and which only wants to be let alone to enjoy her wealth and possessions, that British concession and retreat have come to be looked on abroad as the natural result of a dispute with England. There is real danger, however, in relying on British readiness to yield under pressure, and none the less from the fact that democratic common-sense will nowadays effectually debar our rulers from engaging in a war of aggression, or in one where the honor of the country is not so clearly involved as to make escape impossible.

Although little is said publicly about the Niger dispute, the government is prepared for war with France if the latter power elects to maintain her position at Boussa on the Niger. Two men will decide the issue. Lord Salisbury nominally, Mr. Chamberlain really, is acting for England. Mr. Chamberlain's upper lip is stiff enough for his political opponents at home. He will certainly not be bluffed by Monsieur Hanotaux. Through his influence the pick of the staff-officers available have left for the Gold Coast. If the French are not out of Boussa by the time the British expedition reaches that place, they will be turned out, as the strength of the British force is ample for the purpose. Consols remain untouched. No scare in the stock-market tells of red smoke on the horizon. For once in their flaccid lives, however, our rulers are in dead earnest, and they will not be allowed to retire from the position they have taken up.

The incessant loss of valuable lives in the Tirah expedition daily adds to the hostile feeling rising against ministerial Indian policy. Every one asks, "What is the use of it all?" Here and there a weeping mother mourns a son speared or shot by a savage who, when he is conquered, will be both useless and irreconcilable to the empire.

Unpleasant statements about the conduct of the Royal Irish regiment have been hinted at in the press, which do not lessen the rising tide of popular indignation against the headquarter army administration. Although no English journal has published the facts, I may state that while it is true that the regiment in question was sent by Sir W. Lockhart to the rear, the fault was not in the men. We shall hear a good deal more of the matter.

Dissatisfaction with the management of foreign affairs, the break-down to the army system, the wretched waste of life and treasure on frontier tribes that might well have been left to our Russian friends to deal with, are accumulating discontent with ministers. Lord Salisbury, good easy man, works fourteen hours a day at foreign affairs. Assume that three more are required to discharge the duties of Premier of the Empire, and but seven remain for exercise, food, recreation, travel, and sleep. Is it possible for human nature to stand the work? A reconstruction of the cabinet is seriously talked of, and I have reason to believe it will not be long delayed.

In regard to English relations with America, it is interesting to observe that while the British case in our international disputes is unofficially urged with inaccurate brilliancy on this side of the Atlantic, and the American case is presented with characteristic ability on the other, the public of neither country has much opportunity of hearing what is to be said against its own officials' views of the issue. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has written an article in the November *Contemporary Review* under the heading, "Does America Hate England?" Whatever may be the answer to this question, it is much to be wished that we on this side heard more directly and more often from responsible and dispassionate but unofficial American writers as to the American aspect of international disputes. It is also possible that a sober English view of such questions as that of the Bering Sea may interest the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY without touching national susceptibilities. Blue-books are practically useless in the formation of public opinion. They are partisan publications. The most interesting parts of the correspondence are rarely published. The most important interviews are not chronicled. Interminable *ex parte* despatches expressed in the dialect of diplomacy tell the plain man little that he wants to know, while popular newspapers on both sides too often darken counsel. Speaking broadly, the English conception of the Bering Sea controversy is somewhat as follows: The man in the street, in the first place, does not believe that 110,000,000 of sane white men will seriously quarrel over a herd of amphibious brutes, whose habits seem to engender as much masculine dispute as their hides excite feminine covetousness. At the same time, he believes that an arbitral tribunal has decided that the United States were liable for certain vessels seized, which carried the British flag, and that the sum to be paid was agreed upon by the American Secretary of State and the British ambassador. Furthermore, he knows that this sum has not been paid, and consequently concludes that when England loses an arbitral verdict she has to pay, as in the *Alabama* case; and when she wins, as in the Paris award, something steps in to prevent the fulfilment of the contract. What the man in the British tram-car does not know is that fraud is alleged against naturalized Americans who really owned the boats in question; that the British flag has been prostituted to enable renegades to satisfy their lust for gain; and that the American government is within its strict right under the Paris award of having these claims examined by a commission. Mr. H. W. Wilson, the author of *Ironclads in Action*, a brilliant young Oxford man, who is an admitted authority on naval matters, represents the view of the man on the omnibus, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. He draws up an indictment against the United States which is as able as it is inaccurate. Seeing that educated Americans are Britain's best friends across the Atlantic, it is deplorable to see them alienated by attacks on the good faith of their country which arise from neglect to ascertain the truth. The central fact of this seal dispute—viz., that Canada is forcing the Foreign Office to push home to the uttermost the full legal rights of a comparatively insignificant industry—is not understood. Lord Salisbury is really in the position of having to act for a most exacting *cestui que trust* on a very small matter involving a very large principle.

No British government can renounce the obligation of protecting Canadian citizens in the possession of their legal rights, especially a government which is losing seat after seat in Parliament because it is too meek abroad and too active at home. Lord Salisbury's task of concurrently governing the empire as Prime Minister and of conducting its foreign affairs while he is oppressed with the shadow of a great sorrow, does not facilitate the prompt despatch of business on this matter. On the other hand, Mr. Foster's strategy and Mr. Sherman's controversial style fail to lubricate the wheels of diplomacy. On the whole, therefore, the outlook for a prompt settlement is not hopeful, unless common-sense and a resolve on both sides not to take advantage of mere technical points cut the knot. British public opinion is thoroughly sound when it is made acquainted with facts. What it has to learn is that even the brusquest of despatch-writers may be in the right, in spite of his brusqueness.

Contrary to the almost universal assumption in the newspapers that the Nile expedition is suspended for the coming year, there are grounds for believing that Khartoum will be occupied before the end of March. Five press correspondents have been packed off to Suakim, *viâ* Berber, and as it is inconceivable to the modern newspaper that a campaign can be conducted without press representatives, public opinion has jumped to the conclusion, after Lord Salisbury's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that nothing more will be done for the present. On the other hand, it is curious that so distinguished a general as Sir Francis Grenfell should have been suddenly taken from his headquarters staff appointment of Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, which he was filling with conspicuous success, merely to command the troops at Cairo in piping times of peace. The victor of Toski is no ordinary soldier. He is an officer of great distinction, destined for high command in certain eventualities. In sending him to Egypt the action of the cabinet is unintelligible unless there is serious work for him to do. Arrangements are now being made for the occupation of Kassala by an Egyptian force, and when this is effected a breakfast-table surprise probably awaits the British public.

The question at issue between the parties to the engineers' dispute, which is about to be discussed in conference, is of deeper origin and import than is commonly imagined, and unless I am wholly mistaken in the character and underrate the resolution of the leaders on both sides, the struggle is by no means ended. On penetrating below the surface of things, the fight is seen to be no mere question of wages or of hours. It is a pitched battle between socialism and individualism, and it is one in which the employers and employed differ as to the root ideas that concern the foundations of society. Modern British trades-unionism and Bryanism or Populism are members of the same family. Trades-union socialists claim that all wealth proceeds from manual labor. The modern captain of industry holds that wealth is primarily the product of ability using capital and directing labor with skill, economy, and success. Between the English employer and his trades-unionist workmen there is accordingly a great gulf fixed. The manual laborer honestly believes that he and his mates are the source of all wealth, and that when he asks for nine hours' pay for eight hours' work he is only asking for his own, and paving the way for international socialism, with the object of reducing the productive capacity of labor in order to absorb the unemployed. Witness after witness before the recent labor commission affirmed that if eight hours were adopted and there arose a new crop of unemployed, they would reduce to six hours, and if that failed, to four hours as the day's work. To appreciate these facts is to recognize that since there is no common ground between the parties, there can be no serious negotiation, mediation, or arbitration. To fight to a finish is the only alternative—to the surrender of one side or the other. Mr. Ritchie's well-meant endeavor to bring together the engineers and the employers is supported by a sanguine and ill-informed public opinion. If the projected conference be utilized as a bridge to enable the men to escape without humiliation from an intolerable position, it may do good. No sensible man wishes to see legitimate trades-unionism wiped out, as some of the hot-heads among the employers seem to suggest. Trades unions keep hundreds of thousands from the rates, and thus perform an undoubted service to the nation. Furthermore, the establishment of great trusts and federations on an impregnable rock of class interest is a prospect by no means attractive even to those who clearly perceive the suicidal folly of the men's attitude to-day. Their ablest leader is Mr. John Burns. He is transparently honest in the midst of an epidemic of conscious cant. During the cycling craze he is known to have refused $5000 a year merely for the use of his name by a cycle-construction corporation. Endowed with a magnificent voice, deep convictions, an iron constitution, and untiring energy, he carries the fiery cross of predatory socialism to all parts of the country, and rouses the enthusiasm of myriads of wage-earners, who believe that John Burns will give them, in exchange for their vote, a larger share in the banquet of life. The mysterious gift of magnetizing men with fallacious hope is eminently distinctive of John Burns. He is a fascinating personality, which may become an important one in the stormy times in front. To become wealthy without labor and to spoil the rich without bloodshed are the objects of the new socialism. To foster popular illusions is accordingly one of the most successful methods of ingratiating himself with the working-classes that a politician can employ. Public attack on private property, coupled with a passion for retention and increase of such private property as they themselves may own, was common enough with the demagogues of yesterday. The late Henry George and John Burns to-day are dangerous because they are clean.

The plain truth is that the engineers are hopelessly beaten, albeit the courtiers of Demos no more dare tell the truth than the courtiers of Peter the Cruel or of Ivan the Terrible. Lord Salisbury, with all his limitations, has the distinctive note of greatness. He never stoops to flatter any class—not even the men who, like blind Samson, are straining every nerve to pull down the structure of civilization upon our heads and their own.

During the past month two new plays have attracted much notice. *The Tree of Knowledge*, by Mr. R. C. Carton, produced by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, is an amplification in five acts of Mr. Kipling's six lines:

> A fool there was, and he made his prayer
> (Even as you and I)
> To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;
> We called her the woman who didn't care,
> But the fool he called her his lady fair
> (Even as you and I).

Excellent acting and the interest of the main theme commanded attention through three and a half hours from a critical first night audience. The pit contained people who had waited on the pavement since ten in the morning, as though the occasion were a première of Sir Henry Irving. The *The Tree of Knowledge* is a success, although Mr. Carton neither resorts to mystery to carry his story through five acts, nor disdains to reflect in his most powerful scene the dramatic situation in the *Christian* which has brought a nest of hornets round the ears of Hall Caine—whose countenance, by-the-way, during the play was not the least interesting feature in the house.

A beautiful adventuress, Miss Julia Neilson, flees from her ruined husband, Mr. H. B. Irving. As she leaves the house, Mr. Alexander, with whom she was formerly entangled, to save his friend's honor, threatens to murder her rather than that she should be false to her husband. The struggle on the floor between the two reminds one of Glory Quayle and John Storm in their much-talked-of scene. At this point the husband returns, whereupon the dishevelled beauty accuses poor Mr. H. B. Irving of an attempt on her honor. Then for the first time the husband hears of his friend's former relations with his wife, and of course credits the lovely accuser at the cost of the meritorious but disconcerted accused. It is easier to destroy the plot by criticism than to deny its theatrical effectiveness. The creatures of Mr. Carton's play are undeniably interesting. They are not men and women. But what does that matter? Live men do not needlessly intermeddle with the sins of a friend's wife, especially when their common past is compromising to both of them. In daily life, moreover, the calculating flirt does not elope without previous negotiation. Still, the play is interesting, full of telling lines, and it is most picturesquely staged, while the uncompromising vigor with which Miss Neilson renders her repulsive part is evidence of more dramatic strength than that with which she has yet been credited.

The other play which is drawing all London is Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet. To impersonate Shakespeare's most popular hero for fifty or sixty consecutive nights to big audiences is a feat that few even of our greatest actors have achieved. Mr. Forbes Robertson's rendering of the melancholy Dane is a delight. It has gained in strength, and has made for him a reputation that may yet land him among the immortals. No one possesses patent rights in the representation of Hamlet; consequently there can be no such infringement as some loyal supporters of our greatest actor are inclined to hint. Certainly Mr. Forbes Robertson has found new beauties in the play, and has made them intelligible to a grateful public.

Two books of a very different type, but interesting to a large public on both sides of the water, may be mentioned. To-day appears the long-expected work on South Africa by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. Mr. Bryce has lived long on his reputation as author of the *Holy Roman Empire*. Then came the *American Commonwealth*, which people talk of to this day with respect. Somewhat professional in manner, Mr. Bryce is not of the stuff likely to make a Parliamentary success. He is, however, cultured, crammed with knowledge, an experienced traveller, and a member of the Alpine Club. Physical fitness forms so large a part of the stock in trade of a traveller that Mr. Bryce's wholesome tendency to get to the top of everything that comes within hail is much in his favor. The book is the strongest and sanest utterance on South Africa that we have had from any Englishman, but I must confess that Mr. Poultney Bigelow's brilliant *White Man's Africa* is far more interesting, if not so instructive.

The other work referred to is Mrs. C. W. Earle's *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. Mrs. Earle is sister of the accomplished twins, Lady Loch and Lady Lytton, and she has written an enjoyable book about flowers and things pertaining to home life. All who take an interest in the grace and perfection of their surroundings, and wish to know the way in which refinement and culture are imparted to the affairs of English home life, will find this book a revelation.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

A READER of the WEEKLY, who lives in Milwaukee, thinks there may be other readers who would be interested in a millinery opening that happened in that town in October. It was managed by the Wisconsin Audubon Society. "The use of a large handsome house was given for the occasion by one of the directors. No responsibility was taken by the society as to the hats exhibited, and no sales were guaranteed, but when it became known that six leading milliners had been invited to send displays, twenty-five other firms applied, asking for space. No feathers were admitted excepting ostrich plumes, quills, and cocks' tails. Invitations (500) were issued, as to a reception. The fashionable world responded, the rooms were thronged, and many hats were sold. The advantage of the reception was that it made the Audubon work known to the general public that read of it in the papers, to the women who attended, and, best of all, to the milliners, who saw that their best customers were interested."

If any Audubon society has hit upon a more practical method than this of making featherless hats fashionable, it certainly has not come to the WEEKLY'S notice.

Advices come from Michigan of the successful efforts of the class of '96 in Vassar College to found a class scholarship. It is a custom of Vassar classes to turn over to the college at Commencement such class moneys as may be left after paying the Class day and Commencement expenses. The 120 members of the class of '96, at their last class supper, the night before leaving Poughkeepsie, improved on this custom by subscribing $2100 to be added to the funds left over, and all to go to "The '96 Undergraduate Scholarship Fund." This money they agreed to pay by June, 1898. The chairman of the committee in charge of the fund says that payments are being made, "slowly, of course, for most of the girls are earning what they give or have little to spend," but with such regularity and promptness as to leave no doubt that the amount pledged will be forth-coming next June. After that it is intended to go on and raise the remainder of the $8000 necessary to a full scholarship fund. It is suggested that this is an interesting bit of evidence of the enthusiastic regard of Vassar graduates for Vassar, as well as of the energy and faithfulness of "120 very young women."

That squatter sovereignty doesn't serve in New York any longer in determining monument sites is illustrated in a convincing degree by the process of finding a place for the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. Since Mr. Stoughton's design for the monument was accepted by the Memorial Committee and sent upon its rounds to be judged by the other experts whose approval is necessary, the question of the site for it has come up again. Two years ago the Park Board fixed upon the Circle at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street as the best place for this monument, and it was generally supposed that it would be placed there, but several considerations have transpired which make for delay and possibly for a new choice. The law that authorizes the monument provides that the design shall be accepted and approved by the National Sculpture Society and the Municipal Art Commission before the site can be fixed. Another law, made last year, provides that no monument can be placed in any public place without the consent of the Mayor, the President of the Board of Aldermen, the President of the National Sculpture Society, and the President of the Municipal Art League. It appears, therefore, that at present New York's monument sites are very efficiently guarded. Before any monument can be placed in the flower-bed in the Plaza at Fifty-ninth Street the consent of President Ward of the Sculpture Society must be obtained, and the members of the Sculpture Society object to putting any monument, however worthy, in that flower-bed, and have asked their president to stand out against it. So it is not unlikely that the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument will have to go elsewhere.

The Whittier Club of Haverhill, Massachusetts, would like to amass a fund for the care and preservation of the poet's birthplace in Essex County, about three miles from Haverhill. The house is about 200 years old, and was built by the poet's great-grandfather. It is the house described in "Snow-Bound," and one of its belongings is the garden wall referred to in "The Barefoot Boy." Whittier sold the place in 1840, after living there thirty years, and moved to Amesbury, whence in later years, he moved again to Danvers. The place now belongs to Mr. J. H. Carleton, who has turned over the house to the care of the Haverhill Whittier Club, the treasurer of which, Mrs. Mary H. Wood, welcomes contributions to the club's fund. The place is said to be visited by hundreds of persons every year.

A subject that would stand more discussion than it gets is free delivery by the Post-Office Department in rural districts. It is not impracticable, and the chief questions about it are whether the farmers want it and whether it would be worth what it would cost. There would be some economies in it resulting from the diminution of fourth-class post-offices, and some gains in revenue from an increased postal business. In thousands of districts it would pay very well. The $10,000,000 or so that might be saved by some wholesome amendments to the law which governs second-class mail matter would pay the deficit on a good deal of rural free delivery.

Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, is a fortunate person in that, having built himself a great big house on the corner of Broad Street and Girard Avenue, in Philadelphia, and filled it with valuable and interesting things, he has found means to dispose of it at its full value, and also of part of its contents, so that he is free to start again and build and fill another house in the country. His disposition of it is particularly fortunate. He is going to give it to be used as a branch of the Free Library of Philadelphia, to be called, in memory of his wife, the Josephine Widener Memorial Branch. The house has a fine art-gallery, which contains a remarkable and famous collection of pictures. These will presently be removed to Mr. Widener's country house, and replaced by a collection of American paintings. The house is estimated to be worth at least $600,000, and the library fittings and pictures which are to be placed in it are to cost $400,000 more, so that Mr. Widener's immediate gift to Philadelphia amounts in money to a million dollars. That is not all. The city of Philadelphia has appropriated a tract of land and $100,000 for a Park and Free Museum of Science and Art. Mr. Widener is one of four donors who have given $30,000 each toward the erection of buildings for this institution. When the museum buildings finally include a fire-proof art building, Mr. Widener and his two business associates, Mr. W. L. Elkins and Mr. John G. Johnson, propose to enrich it by extensive transfers of pictures from their own galleries. Mr. Widener's collection of paintings, which for the present he reserves and carries into the country with him, is valued at something like $750,000, and Messrs. Elkins and Johnson also have exceedingly valuable collections, so that if finally they strip their galleries in the interest of the public the pickings will be so uncommonly good that the prospect of them almost warrants Dr. William Peffer's forecast of a time when Philadelphia may become the art centre of America. Mr. Widener's present gift is the realization in part of a plan made before the death of his wife to aid in promoting civilization in Philadelphia by helping to develop a great system of public entertainment and instruction, to include a free art-gallery, free museums, and a free library. A beginning has been made already by the city. Mr. Widener's notable gift helps very much. What is now most desired by those interested in the enterprise is that the city shall build a central library building and an art gallery.

Mr. Widener made his own fortune largely by street-railroad operations in Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Chicago. The house which he has given for a library is in that modern part of Philadelphia which, though new and handsome, is on the wrong side of the chalk line which separates the Philadelphians who are satisfied with themselves from those who hope for a better time in a better world.

Two very interesting examples of a high sense of commercial honor came to light last month in New York. The first was the payment by Mr. Amos F. Eno of debts of the dry-goods firm of Eno, Bueren, & Valentine, which failed in 1861 from causes incident to the outbreak of the war. According to law, and even according to ordinary equity, there was no obligation to pay the debts of this bankrupt firm; but apparently Mr. Eno remembered them for years after every one else had forgotten them, and determined to hunt up the persons to whom they were due, or their heirs, and pay them, principal and interest. He went about it very quietly, and knowledge of his action came indirectly to the public through his efforts to discover to whom the funds which he desired to distribute should be offered. Mr. Eno is the son of Mr. Amos R. Eno, whose chivalrous course years ago in spending a great sum of money to repair the consequences of a misfortune that befell him will not soon be forgotten in New York. It was perhaps quixotic in the younger Eno to pay these old and outlawed debts, but it is an exemplary sort of quixotism, the existence of which, in this money-loving community, it is pleasant to record. The disbursement is not a small one, but amounts to no one knows what, but possibly to half a million dollars.

The other case is the settlement by Judge Henry Hilton of the claims against the firm of Hilton, Hughes, & Co., which failed in August, 1896. The liabilities of the firm, of which Judge Hilton's son was the senior partner, were about $2,200,000, the assets about $780,000. At the time of the failure Judge Hilton said that he would be responsible for all of the firm's debts. For about $1,000,000 he was legally liable as endorser of the firm's notes; for the rest he was not answerable. Ninety-five per cent. of these liabilities has been paid, and the remainder is in process of payment. It has been a costly indulgence to Judge Hilton, but it has been worth the money. Money spent as he and Mr. Eno have spent theirs, in paying debts not legally collectible, is spent as truly for the public good as though it went to endow a college or a hospital. There is nothing more important for Americans to learn than the worth of honor and integrity in business dealings.

Dormitories for Columbia University, though not in sight, are very much in mind. They are needed, and whenever the trustees meet, the chances of getting them are considered. The plan, started about a year ago, for a great dormitory eleven stories high, to be called Hamilton Court, fell through because subscribers could not be found for the shares of the stock company that was to build it. But the plans for it are still in existence, and now that money is easier it is possible that the project may be successfully revived.

All roads nowadays seem to lead to Alaska, and a surprising proportion of the news of the world comes from the bleak Northwest. There will be more of it presently, for, besides that we shall all want to know how the Klondike food-supplies hold out this winter, there will be great interest in the result of the relief expedition on which the revenue-cutter *Bear*, Captain Francis Tuttle, started, on November 28, from Seattle. The *Bear's* errand is to carry or send food to the crews of eight whaling-vessels that are caught in the ice near Point Barrow in the Arctic Ocean. The expedition is sent by the government, under direction of Secretary Gage. No ship can get through Bering Strait in winter, and it will probably be next August before the *Bear* herself can reach the whalers. Her orders are to go north past the Aleutian Islands and the mouth of the Yukon to Norton Sound; there to land an expedition under Lieutenant Edward Bertholf of the revenue service, which will collect various herds of reindeer that are attached to government stations in those parts, and attempt to open communication overland with the ice-bound whalers at Point Barrow. The reindeer are to be used to haul sledges, and are to constitute a food-supply in themselves, provided the expedition proves feasible and the whalers are found. It is about 600 miles in a straight line from Norton Sound to Point Barrow, and a glance at the map makes the difficulties of the expedition only too clear. The *Bear* was built for the Greely relief expedition, and is suited for her present business. Her commander has had long experience in arctic navigation, and knows the coast.

The proposal attributed to Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist, to start a national subscription in England for the erection in London of a statue of George Washington seems to do more credit to Mr. Murray's imaginative powers than to his good sense. It is entirely conceivable that Washington did Great Britain a good turn by promoting her separation from the American colonies, but the methods he was constrained to use were not such as to entitle his effigy to a conspicuous public honor in England. Washington's character and personality are interesting to all students of history, and to intelligent persons generally, but what London needs is not so much a public statue of him as a nice wax-figure likeness at Madame Tussaud's. The grounds on which Mr. Murray bases his proposal have not come to notice in New York, and conjecture can only determine that they have to do with the strong sentiment of esteem which contemporary Britishers and Americans cherish for one another.

November 29 was the fiftieth anniversary of the massacre of Marcus Whitman, the missionary pioneer who saved Oregon to the United States. Commemorative services were held on that day in the First Congregational Church, in Washington, D. C., at which addresses were made by Justice Brewer, General O. O. Howard, Senator Wilson of Washington State, and Dr. Newman, the pastor of the church. Dr. Whitman's adventures and public services afford an ample basis for a great deal of commemoration. He earned for himself a sure place and a high one in his country's history. The story of his contest with the Hudson Bay Company for the great territory of Oregon, and of his desperate winter journey overland from the Columbia River to Washington in 1843, was rehearsed not long ago in the WEEKLY. It is a story that is not as yet widely known as it should be, but there is plenty of time for Dr. Whitman's fame to grow, and it is growing fast. A statue of him is soon to be placed on the front of the new Witherspoon (Presbyterian) Building in Philadelphia, and a monument is to mark the grave in which he and his wife, both murdered by Indians, lie, on the banks of the Walla Walla River. Eventually his greatest monument may be Whitman College, at Walla Walla, a struggling institution as yet, with little or no endowment, but worthy to prosper if only for its name's sake.

Mr. Marion Crawford seems to have diverted a share of his enviable energy from writing to oral discourse. He was quoted the other day as saying various interesting things in various interesting addresses at Chicago, and a Boston newspaper reported last week that the event of the week in literary Cambridge would unquestionably be a lecture by Mr. Crawford, in the Sanders Theatre, about Pope Leo XIII. in the Vatican. This lecture was the third of a series given under the auspices of the Cantabrigia Club in aid of a Radcliffe Scholarship Fund. The fourth and last lecture in the series is to come from Mr. John Fox, Jr., the author of *The Kentuckians*.

Mr. Andrew Lang is an example to all hack-writers in that he glories in his profession, and does not, like most of his brethren, bewail his lot as a brewer of small-beer, and denounce the necessities that restrict his literary flights. Discoursing about booksellers and the sore straits to which some of them have been reduced by the competition of department stores and the paring down of the margin of profit, he notes their disclosure that there is no longer a living to be made out of book-selling pure and simple, and that they only eke out existence by a supplementary trade in all manner of unliterary goods—games, pictures, toys, stationery, and whatever else buyers will take. "But so it is with me!" cries Mr. Lang. "*Moi qui parle*, I could no more live (comfortably) by writing new books than booksellers can live by selling them. I have to sell fallals—articles, essays, miscellaneous hack-work—but I like that commerce of all things."

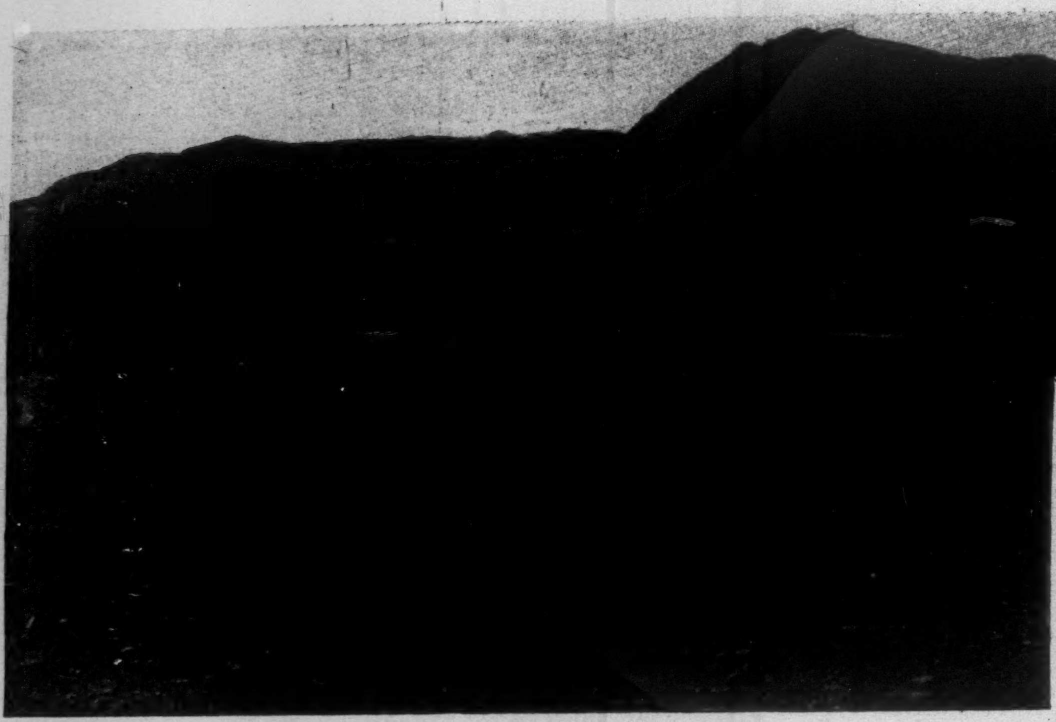
Almost any trade is a good enough trade for the consummate master of it. Mr. Lang is *facile princeps* in his. His combination of erudition, facility, taste, fecundity, gumption, and humor is unmatched and beats the band. He once wrote a dissertation on Thomas Haynes Bayley for the New York *Sun*, which was afterwards included in a book, and is recommended to the attention of any one who has doubts about his quality. He has one advantage over nearly all his rivals in being educated. He not only had education offered him, but he accepted it, gathered its fruits, and uses them in his business. It is suspected that he is the only educated hack-writer in the world. All the rest have become editors or professors. The reason he holds out to sell "fallals" must be because he likes it. Thousands of educated men have taken to drink; Mr. Lang is the only one who is known to have taken, gloriously and triumphantly, to "fallals."

The true story of the dropped "H's" of the Harvard football team is declared to be that the players themselves took them off while suffering from an attack of emotional disenchantment after the Yale game. All Harvard was disappointed at not winning, the Harvard players most of all; but there was no command from coachers to take the letters off, nor did public sentiment demand it; it was a voluntary renunciation. So states a Harvard counsellor who is habitually conversant with whatever pertains to college athletics, and ought to know.

If it is true, as reported, that for every dollar that is spent on the construction of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the trustees lay aside a dollar for the endowment fund, it shows a degree of foresight in the trustees that is as reassuring as it is rare. Their obligation, it seems, includes the duty of seeing that the cathedral is endowed after it is built, and it is obviously very much to their interest, as men who hope to live happy and die respected, that the construction of the great church should not outrun its means of support.

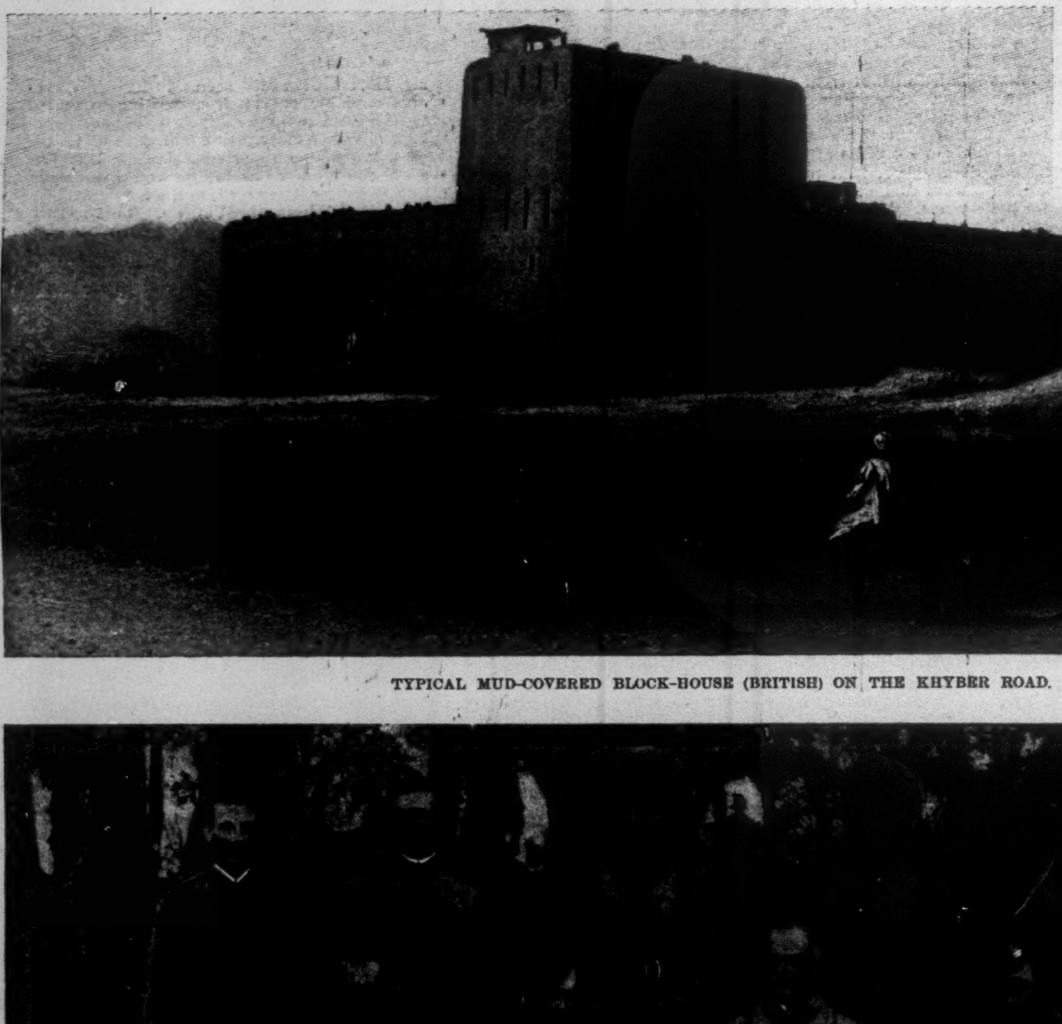
The two sons of the late Henry W. Sage have given their father's house at Ithaca to Cornell University for a college hospital, and have endowed it with a fund of $100,000. The gift has a sentimental as well as a practical value. Devotion to Cornell seems to be hereditary in the Sage family, as it has proved to be in the families of John McGraw, Hiram Sibley, and Ezra Cornell himself.

E. S. MARTIN.

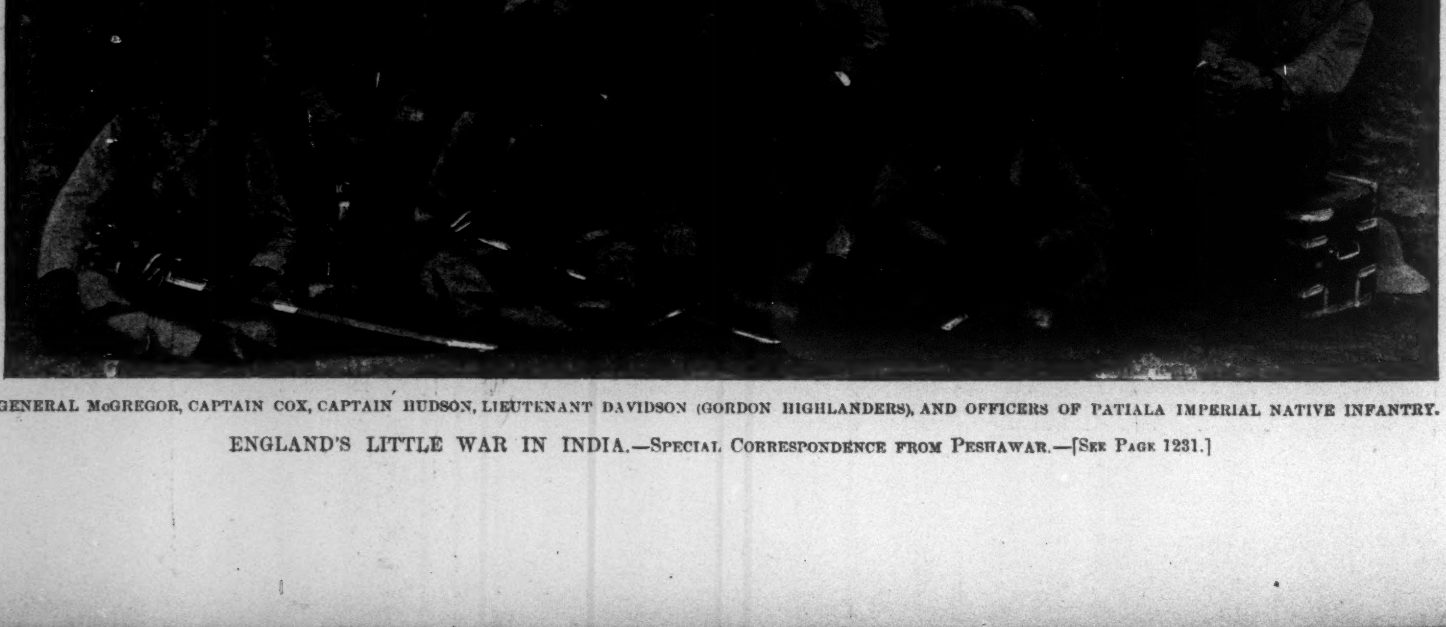


FORT JAMROOD, NINE MILES FROM PESHAWAR.

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

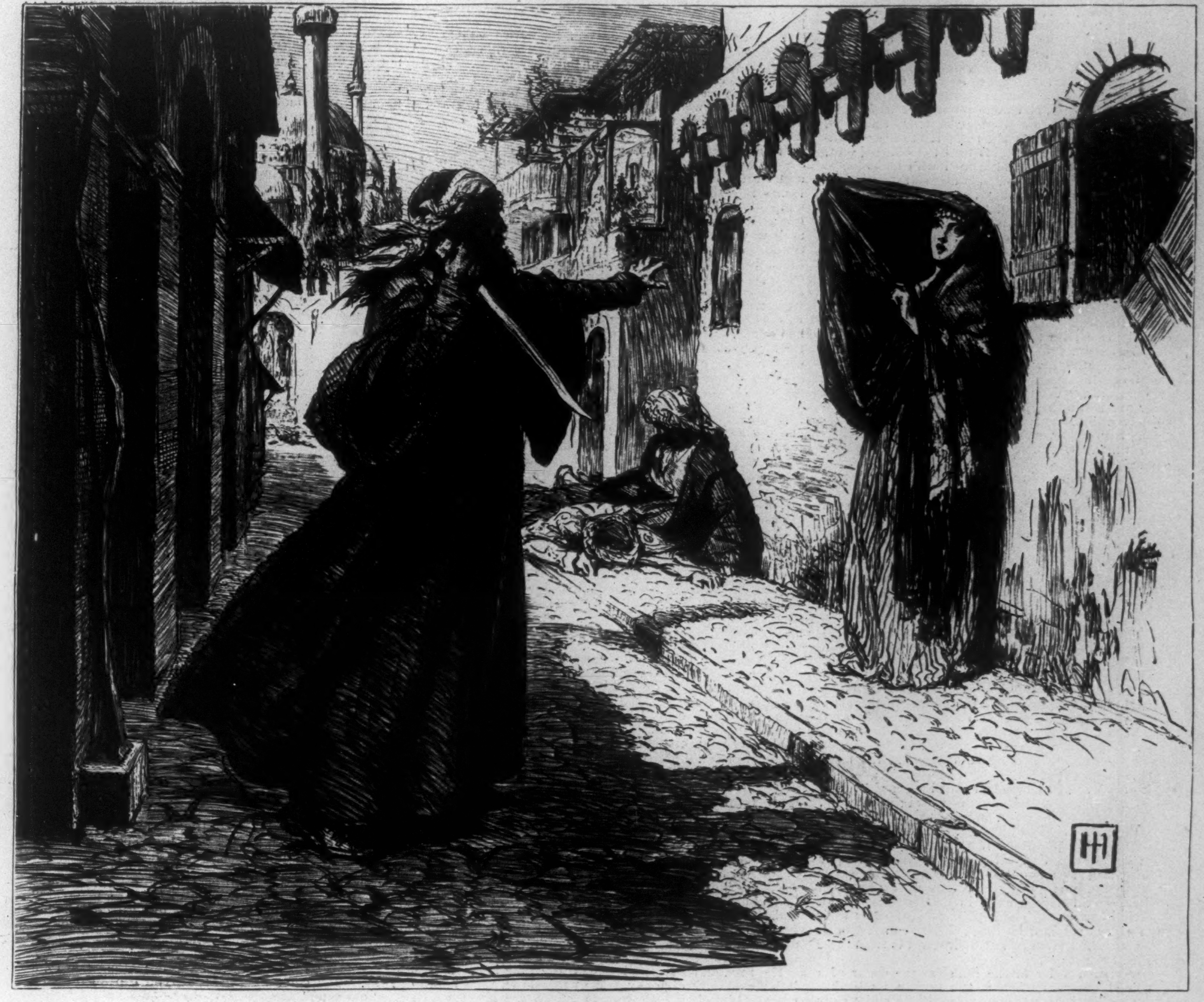


TYPICAL MUD-COVERED BLOCK-HOUSE (BRITISH) ON THE KHYBER ROAD.



GENERAL McGREGOR, CAPTAIN COX, CAPTAIN HUDSON, LIEUTENANT DAVIDSON (GORDON HIGHLANDERS), AND OFFICERS OF PATIALA IMPERIAL NATIVE INFANTRY.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE WAR IN INDIA.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PESHAWAR.—[SEE PAGE 1231.]



"THE VINTAGE."*

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN a little while Abdul Achmet came in with a eunuch, wearing a face of woe, while behind they could hear the voice of the stout lady, who found the stairs a little trying. She entered the room with a shining, smiling face, and sat down puffing on a sofa. "And when I've got my breath again," she said, volubly, as if still in the middle of a sentence, "I'll tell you who I am and what I am going to do, and what you are going to do. A hot morning it is, and there's no denying it; and though I've seen many pretty faces in my day, sir, I can't remember that I ever set eye on anything so nice as your little lot. And what may your name be, my dear?" she said, turning to Suleima, who shrank from her without knowing why; "but whatever your name is, it was a fine day for your kind master when he first set eyes on you."

She looked at Suleima more closely.

"Poor lamb, and so young, too!" she said, kindly enough; "and now I've got my breath a bit, I'll tell you my business. I'm a Greek by birth, though you can hear I talk Turkish like the Sultan himself; and as for my name, it's Penelope."

Suleima suddenly burst into a helpless fit of laughter at this funny old woman; though she was not funny at all, she thought, but simply a fat, disgusting old hag. Penelope stopped short at this unseemly interruption, and for a moment seemed disposed to resent it; but some womanly feeling came to her aid, and she pulled a great bottle of some strong-smelling stuff out of her pocket and applied it to Suleima's nose, as she sat rocking herself backward and forward with peals of laughter.

"She'll faint if she laughs like that," she explained, "and this will pull her together a bit. Get some brandy, one of you, quickly. There, there, my dear," she went on to Suleima, "be quiet now, be quiet; it's all right; and take a spoonful of this. It 'll do you good."

Suleima gradually recovered herself, through a spasm of coughing and choking, and the brandy brought her round.

"I am sorry for laughing," she said, no longer shrinking from the woman, and speaking low to her in Greek, "but I am not very well. And, oh, tell me—you look kind—have you seen Mitsos? Where is he? Why does he not come?"

Penelope started in surprise.

"My poor little one," she answered in Greek, "what does this mean? But wait a minute."

Then, speaking in Turkish again:

"I thought I'd seen her before," she explained aloud, "and she says she comes from Spetzas, which is my home. And what I've come for is this, and I'm here to help all you women. You will all give up to me all your money and jewels, my pretties; for the Greek commander, who is a relation of mine [this was not the case] wishes neither to hunt nor harm you, but if you are found, any of you, with jewels or money about you, why, it may be the siege of Navarin over again. So now I shall wait here, and each of you shall fetch all you have; and to make things sure and certain I'll just search each of you. This girl," and she pointed to Suleima, "shall come to me first, so get you all gone, and I'll call you in one at a time."

They all dispersed to their rooms to get their trinkets and money, and in a few moments Suleima came back, and the other closed the door quickly behind her.

"You are a Greek, child," she said. "Yes, put your things in there; we have not much time."

She heard Suleima's story with many raisings of the hand and exclamations of wonder, and when she had finished she kissed her, and like a true woman, with pity and affection.

"Poor child, poor child," she soothed her, "I will do the best I can. God knows what will happen when the end comes, for the camp is like a pack of wolves. This Mitsos of yours has some glimmerings of sense, but look at the risk you run if you do as he tells you! Fancy running to meet a lot of wolves, you in your Turkish dress, crying you are a wolf too! Ah, dear me, and the child and all! But this is my idea: separate yourself at all costs from the other women. If they stay in the house, run; if they run, stay here. Do not be seen with them; unveil your face, as the Greek women do, and if possible avoid a mob of Greeks. If you have to go into the street, keep in a side street, where perhaps stragglers only will come. And the Lord be with you, poor child!"

Suleima clung to this woman, usually coarse and greedy, but one who had the springs of true womanliness in her, as to a rock of refuge, and, without searching her, but kissing her again affectionately, she waited till the girl's tears had subsided before opening the door and calling in the next woman. In turn they all passed before her and gave up their valuables. There was but little money, for the women spent it for the most part on finery, and poured into Penelope's basket turquoise collars, fine filigree-work from the bázars, bracelets set with pearls or moon-stones, and ear-rings of all sorts. The search was hastily done, for she had many houses to visit, and, with a curious mixture of humanity and greed, she wished to make as rich a harvest as possible—for she received a share of what she got—and at the same time to do all she could for these poor caged women. And so for two days—for there were many houses to go to, and much to be got, sometimes with difficulty, for some of the women would have preferred to run the risk of having valuables concealed about them—she went on her rounds of greedy mercy, and it was not till the morning of the 5th that she went out again to the camp.

During those two days matters outside had gone from worse to worse. Another captain had been detected trafficking with the besieged, and when Nicholas laid the proof of his guilt before Petrobey, he buried his face in his hands and said he could do nothing. That hour of weakness when he had consulted men whom he knew would only give him selfish counsel had broken his authority like a reed. The captain's corps shared his guilt, probably down to the youngest man in his service, and if he punished one he would have to punish hundreds.

"And, oh, Nicholas," said Petrobey, in piteous appeal, "if ever you have loved me, or can still remember that we are of one blood, help me now, by what way you will. I was ever honorable, but I have been weak as water; your strength and your honor are both unshaken."

This was on the morning of the 5th, and before Nicholas could reply, a shrill, rather breathless voice bawled, "Petrobey!" from outside, and Penelope demanded admittance. It was not her way to ask twice, and she followed up her demand by putting her red face through the tent flap, and entering herself, bade her servants, laden with jewels, also to enter.

Petrobey turned one last look at Nicholas. "You will help me?" he said.

"I was always ready," said Nicholas, smiling, and he went lightly out of the tent.

Some fine wrangling was going on in the men's quarters when he appeared, and two men appealed to him.

"Is it true that the woman has taken all the spoils to Petrobey's tent?" asked one.

Nicholas dived at the meaning of the question.

"His honor is untouched," he said. "They are there only for safe-keeping; I swear it, and will go bail for my life on it."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

Then to himself, "The time has come," he thought, "when even he is not spared."

"Look you, lads," he said aloud, "to-day Tripoli falls. When it has come to this, that you can suspect him, it is time. We make the attempt, we Mainotes, who were ever the first at great deeds. Come, summon the men. Yes, I have the authority; more than that, I have promised to help, and there is only one way."

In five minutes the word had gone about, and the corps, some five hundred strong, flocked eagerly to hear Nicholas. He went with the captains into the officers' tent, and, forgetful of his rank among men who had always treated him as the king of men, bade them sit down.

"In ten minutes," he said, "the corps must stand under arms, and a moment's delay after that may spoil everything. I lead the way, and we go at a double's double straight to the Argos tower. At that corner a man can climb the wall, for there are rough projecting stones. How do I know that? Because I climbed it last night when I was on sentry duty. So much for the vigilance of those moles and bats that are stationed there. With me I shall have a rope, which I will fasten, and then, in God's name, follow like the bridegroom to the bride-chamber. The man behind me carries the Greek flag, which he hands me so soon as I am up. Ah, my friends, grant me that one sweet moment. Yet no; we will vote for the man who shall do that."

A deep murmur, "You, you, Nicholas," ran round, and so another moment of happiness, so great that it was content, was given him.

"And now up with you," said Nicholas. "Ah, let us shake hands first. Oh, merciful God, but Thou art very good to me."

The attempt was so daring, so utterly unexpected, that the Arcadian corps stationed opposite the Argos tower merely stood in amazement, as with a clatter and a rush the Mainotes streamed up the wall in front of them. Agile as a cat, for all his sixty years, Nicholas laid hand and foot on the wall, and the next moment he had dashed down the single sentry on the tower, who was talking to a woman on the wall. Then fastening the rope to one of the battlements, he turned again, and before two men had swarmed up, the Greek flag waved from the tower.

Nicholas waited there for perhaps a minute, while the Mainotes swarmed up and formed in lines on the broad terraced wall. He had mounted to the zenith of his life; the glorious visionary noon of his hopes was his, the work of years crowned, and the foul disgrace of the week of waiting over. When forty men or so had joined him, he bade them follow, and falling on the guards at the gate, forced his way through, and with his own hand drew back the bolts and flung it open. The Arcadian corps opposite had seen the flag wave on the tower, and poured in, sweeping the Mainotes along with them up the main street of the lower town.

A pack of wolves, Penelope had called them. Ay, and the wolves were hungry. Six months waiting in inaction, all trust in their captains gone, and the treacherous marketing of the captains gone likewise! The soldiers knew that for days past promises of protection had flowed in on the besieged, and signed papers promising to pay kings' ransoms had come out, but there was little chance now of these ransoms going where they were promised. The soldiers would have a hand in that promised gold. It was their hour now. The captains might show their infamous paper bargains; let them, if they could, protect their pashas, and let them collect their rewards from those who spoiled the palaces.

There was such order in the ranks as the water of a river in flood observes when it has broken its banks; among the besieged such resistance as sticks and straws show when the torrent catches them. Close on the heels of the regular troops, fighting to gain an entrance, came the mob of peasants—the scavengers of the siege—who had come for the pickings. The troops thrust them back till they had themselves gained an entrance; some were ground against the walls, some thrown underfoot in the narrow gateway and trodden by the heels of the advancing columns. Once inside, each man went where he chose, most of them making for the large houses that stood round the square, where the richest booty was expected. Close above stood the citadel, with empty-mouthed guns pointing this way and that, but silent; and if those mouths had been roaring with an iron death, none would have regarded. Petrobey, who had joined the Mainotes, wondered at this. The Turks, he thought, might at least sell their lives as dear as they could, but the reason was not known till three days later, when the citadel fell. All thoughts of discipline or order were out of the question; he was jostled among the others, he was one among many, and all were equal, and each was a wild animal.

The attack had been utterly unexpected, and on the north side of the town provisions were being conveyed into the town over the walls even while at the Argos gate the flag of Greece was flying. The hoarse roar of crowds came to the servants of Mehemet Salik as they were returning to the house with meat and bread. There was no mistaking that sound, and they dropped whatever they had and fled home for refuge, only to find the women of the harem and the other servants streaming out to seek escape. The long-delayed day had come; the stronghold and centre of the Turkish power was in the hands of those who had been slaves so long, and each link of the chains that had held them was broken by another and another Turk stabbed, shot, or trampled to death. The Mainote corps gained the square first, and cut into the mob escaping from Mehemet's house, and a lane of blood and bodies marked their march. Mehemet and a few soldiers had barricaded themselves into an upper story, and fired a few shots at the men at the rear of the column, who pressed forward, unable to get in; but in ten seconds the foremost men had passed up the stairs, broken through the barricaded doors, and were on them. As their wont was, they fought in silence, and for the most part with knives only, and inside the room only the trampling of feet, short gasps, and a sharp cry or two were heard against that long hoarse roar outside. Yanni, who was among the first, forced his way to where Mehemet was standing, still pale and unconcerned, defending himself desperately; and, as if introducing himself,

"He who was to serve in your harem," he cried, and laughed as he stabbed him to the heart.

Here and there in the streets a group of Turks collected, but the wave of men passed over them, leaving naught but wreckage behind; and others ran up to the citadel gates, where they beat on the door, demanding admittance. But before the gates could be opened, the Mainotes, who had finished their work at Mehemet's, were on them as they stood pressed, men and women together, in a living wall. For an hour that piece of butchery lasted. They met resistance, for the Turks were not lacking in courage; and when it was over, and the living wall was only a pile of death, they went back, still silent and stern-featured, but leaving some thirty or forty of their clan behind them, whose death they were going to avenge.

Meantime the Albanian mercenaries, who had concluded a truce with the Greeks, hearing the tumult begin, formed under arms in the immense court-yard of the palace of Elmas Bey, their commander, prepared, if the Greeks attempted to violate their conditions, to charge, and with a fair chance of success, this disorganized rabble and cut their way through. The mob was swaying about outside the iron-barred gate, and some were even attempting to break it in, when Kolokotrones, who was among them, and saw the danger, struggled up to the gate, and by his immense personal strength pushed away the Greeks who were trying to force it. One man, thinking that there was some vast treasure within, and that Kolokotrones had made some agreement by which it should be guarded for him, ran at him with a drawn sword, crying "Treachery!" and the other, lifting his pistol, shot him dead.

For a few moments his life hung on a thread, but he succeeded in making the men nearest him understand that there was a truce with the Albanians, who only desired to leave the town, and forcing a certain number of men across the street to stop the mob, secured a clear space for them to march out into the street. From there they marched straight down the way from the Argive gate—which was the poor quarter of the town, and by the time almost entirely deserted by the Greek troops, though the hordes of peasants were swarming into the houses to secure all they could lay hands on—and out of the town, where they took up their quarters in the deserted camp at Trikorpha, whence they watched the destruction of the city. From there, on the seventh day, they marched north to the Gulf of Corinth, and took ship to the north of Greece, and reached their mountain homes in safety.

The house of Abdul Achmet, where Suleima lived, was near the western gate of the city, opposite to which were stationed the Argive corps. Though they could not see across the houses to the gate where the flag was flying, they heard the tumult of shouts and firing begin, they saw the sentries on the gate turn and fly, and without waiting for news or instructions, they assaulted the gate and tried to force it. But it held firm against their attack, and they had to blow up the staples of the bolts before they could get in. The main street up towards the square lay straight before them, and they poured up to where they could see the crowds battering at the houses, killing all the Turks, men, women, and children, whom they met flying away. Among the foremost was Father Andréa, priest of the Prince of Peace no more, but a fury of hatred. In ten minutes his long two-edged knife was red from point to hilt, and as he dealt death to the masses of refugees, one word was cried from his mouth—"The sword of the Lord!" But just at the corner, where the side street ran down to the little door opening from Abdul Achmet's house below the harem window, a Turk whom he had charged attacked him, evading his upraised knife, and knocking him over, only to find death two yards off. He hit his head against the curb-stone of the pavement, and lay there for a few moments stunned, and came to himself with the world spinning round him.

He rose, and staggered out of the blinding sunshine into a cool dark doorway, some yards down the street, to recover himself a little, and to stanch the blood which was flowing from his head; but his knife, which had flown from his hand, he had picked up and carried with him.

Meantime Suleima, from the lattice window, had seen the charge of the Argives, and the terrified women calling on Allah and the Prophet, ran trembling and sobbing about like frightened birds caught in a net. Abdul did not appear; he had probably run from the house, and the servants seemed to have fled too. Some of the women were for following their example, and trying to escape to the western gate, which was only two hundred yards off, as soon as the road was more clear; others were for climbing up to the roof and hiding themselves there; others for shutting themselves into some small chamber in the house, hoping they would not be discovered. At length, amid an infinity of wailing chatter, they agreed on this; and Suleima, according to Penelope's instructions, waited among the hindermost, and then turned to slip down stairs and out. Zuleika saw her, and cried to her to come back, then seemed disposed to follow herself; but Suleima heard her not, and glided down the stairs like a ghost. On the first landing she stopped for a moment and took the veil off her face. Then she wrapped her black burnoose round her, and waited a moment till she was certain that none were following her.

A strange new courage made steel of her muscles; never in her life had she known so warm a bravery; for when she was out in the boat with Mitsos, or returning to the house after one of those excursions, she had trembled with fright lest she should be discovered, and all this last week she had sudden qualms and shiverings of terror at the thought of the innumerable dangers that lay before her. But now that the time had come, she slipped down the stairs as calmly as she went to her bed or her bath; she thought of herself no longer, but of the unborn life she carried. A moment's faltering, a babbling word where a firm word was wanted, would be death to that which was dearer to her than herself, and she hastened to the doorway, and seeing that the side street seemed deserted, slipped out, with the strength that is the offspring of the protectiveness for that which is as intimately dear as self, and dearer in that it is not self, which only women can know. That day saw many bloody and cruel acts, and many cowardly and craven things, and perhaps only one deed of instinctive unconscious heroism, and that was Suleima's sublime and desperate attempt to save the child of him she loved.

The roar of death and murder rose like the roar of the sea as she opened the door, and yet the terror of loneliness to one bred in a chattering harem was hardly less terrible. Where should she go on her desperate attempt? Looking up the street to the main road leading to the square, there suddenly came into sight a woman running distractedly with shrill cries towards the western gate, and even as she passed, a Greek coming up from the opposite direction ran her through the body, and wiping his sword on her dress, passed on. Cold fear ran like a river by her heart, yet she would not give it admittance. She must be brave; she would be brave. There was no safety within, that was sure, among the rest of the Turkish women. How should she be spared? To the south a column of black smoke rose from a quarter already burning; flame and sword were around her. Then, for fear she should lose her courage altogether, she drew one deep breath and stepped out into the street, terrible to her in its emptiness, more terrible still in the thought that at any moment it might sing and roar with death.

Now it was so ordained that the moment after Suleima stepped out of the doorway Father Andréa, only thirty yards off, got up with a heart that was one red flame of anger. He had wrapped a handkerchief round his bleeding temple, and that blow had stung him to madness, while in his hand, so thought the wild revengeful man, he held the sword of the Lord, dripping with the blood of the ungodly. Man, woman, and child, they were all one accursed brood. With this thought in his brain he looked down the street and saw a Turkish woman walking towards him, and "The sword of the Lord!" he cried again.

The woman fled not, but ran towards him, crying out:

"Save me! I am of your blood!" and seeing he was a priest by the long black robe and hair that streamed over his shoulders, "Save me, father," she cried again. "I am of your blood."

"Mother of devils! mother of devils!" [illegible] Andréa; but then stopped suddenly, with arm [illegible], not ten yards off, for over his wild brain there came the astonished thought that she had spoken Greek.

At the sight of that red knife and at those fierce words Suleima uttered a little low cry of despair, but in a moment her strength came back to her redoubled, and she flung aside her burnoose.

"Would you slay me, father?" she cried again. "I who am of your blood; and see, I am with child!"

Father Andréa paused, stricken out of thought for a moment, and wiped his blade against his cassock.

"Greek; she is Greek," he said to himself, "yet from the house of the Turk."

Suleima stood as still as a marble statue, and as white. The black burnoose had fallen to the ground, and her silk robe flowed loosely round her figure. He moved a step nearer.

"You are Greek," he said to her. "How came you here?"

"I know not," said Suleima. "I was taken by the Turks ten years ago, or it may be twelve. Take me away, father, out of this horrible town."

The two were standing close together in the deserted street. From above came the wails of women, for the Greeks had forced their way into Abdul Achmet's house through the door in the main street, and from the square roared the mob. Andréa looked at her in silence for a moment, his brows knitted into a frown, his brain one mill-race of thought suggesting a possibility beyond the bounds of possibility. At length he spoke to her again, wondering at himself.

"I will save you, my daughter," he said, and as the words passed his lips his heart throbbed almost to bursting. "Quick, come with me. Ah, wait a moment."

And he thrust her back gently into the doorway out of which she had come, while a mob of countrymen passed the opening into the main street.

When they had passed he turned to her again.

"Come with me now," he said, making her take his arm; "and come as quickly as you can. Pray God we get out safe."

Once more before they reached the main street they had to hide in the doorway where Father Andréa had sat, and waiting there, he suddenly turned and took her hands, with his soul in his eyes looking at her in an agonized appeal. Suleima met his gaze directly and pressed his hands.

"You will save me, father?" she said again.

"I will save you," he replied, "in the name of God. Come again on; the mob has gone by."

They hurried on towards the western gate, he half carrying her, in time to get out before another mob of men streamed down from the mountains round. Father Andréa took her to his hut, and bade her wait there for him while he went to get a pony, for she was in no state to walk. All thought was drowned in one possibility, and without speaking to her again, he placed her very gently on the beast, and taking the rope rein in his hand, led it along on to the road to Argos and Nauplia. The camp was absolutely deserted, and they plodded across the plain, and stopped not, neither spoke, till Tripoli had sunk behind the first range of the low hills which led up to Mount Parthenius. There he led the pony off the path and left her in a shady hollow, while he went on to the village of Doliana, half a mile distant, to get food and drink for Suleima, who was very white and faint, and though his anxiety to know was nigh insupportable, he thought of her.

Only once on that ride had Suleima spoken, and that when they struck the road.

"We are going to Nauplia?" she asked, with a sudden springing up of hope.

"To Nauplia, my daughter," said Andréa. "Speak no more till we talk together."

"But, father! father!" she cried, "tell me one thing. Where is Mitsos? Oh, take me to Mitsos!"

"Mitsos? Mitsos?" said Andréa.

"Yes, the tall Mitsos, who lives in that house near the bay."

Father Andréa stopped.

"What do you know of Mitsos?" he said, almost fiercely, and the girl's tears answered him.

As soon as he had left her there and was out of sight he knelt down on the hill-side.

"O God! O merciful and loving One!" he cried, in an agony of supplication, "if this be possible! if this be possible!—for to Thee all things are possible—did she not speak to me as a priest and call me 'Father'?—oh, in thy infinite compassion let her word be true! Did I not call her daughter, while my heart beat within me? O merciful and loving One!"

He found Suleima where he had left her, and made her eat and drink, and saw her strength revive, and when she had finished he came and sat by her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BUCKLEY'S HISTORY OF THE METHODISTS.

ONE of the singular evidences of the vitality of a religious organization is the frequency and thoroughness with which it is made the subject of historical treatment. At the time of the Revolution the Methodists numbered only a few hundred people, whose first place of assembly was a sail-loft in New York, and whose first preacher was an Irish immigrant, Philip Embury by name, ancestor of the American poetess, Emma C. Embury. There was, of course, no historian, for the very good reason that there was no history to write. Jesse Lee was the first writer of Methodist annals. He exhausted his theme in a little duodecimo, which has now become a rare bit of Americana, and is the sole source for the genetic period of Methodism in the United States. Later came Bangs, Crowther, Hyde, Daniels, and Stevens. The new work of Dr. Buckley is a great advance upon its predecessors, not only because the horizon of the Church is far wider than before, but because the author brings to his task that discriminating judgment and analytic method which only the perspective of time can furnish. These qualities are especially necessary to portray accurately the life and rapid development of that large ecclesiastical body which in a little over a century has become so numerically strong that it now outnumbers any Protestant Church in the country.

There is no way of accounting for this rapid development of American Methodism except by recognizing the justification of the mission of the Wesleys in England. The real founders of Methodism were the brothers John and Charles Wesley. John was the preacher and Charles the minstrel. These two men, each of great and often of diverse endowment, laid the foundations for the greatest revival of religious life since the time of Luther. The moral dearth among the clergy and in the prevalent literature of Great Britain at the beginning of the last century gave good ground for the new summons to a better life.

John Wesley conceived his mission to be that of the builder, not of the iconoclast. He was to supply a want, and the rapid accession which came to his support was the contribution of all classes. With a masterful hand he organized, and with tireless energy preached and wrote on all themes bearing upon the work ever before his eye. No part of Dr. Buckley's work is more admirable than the picture of this decline of religious life. He describes the prevailing religious collapse throughout the British Islands, which was the double product of the deism which England herself had produced, and of the long dominant and gross infidelity of France. The advance in numbers and the spiritual fibre of the Wesleyan movement are traced with a skilful hand. The gradual penetration of the new ethical standards into all classes of English society, until it was no longer the fashion to deride the Wesleys, forms a most interesting historical picture.

While this British department of the history is especially strong, the picture becomes more vivid as the horizon widens into an American constituency. So soon as Wesley sends out preachers into the Colonies beyond the Atlantic, the author becomes more animated, and his story of Wesleyan progress becomes more picturesque and fascinating. The author being himself an intense American, the very atmosphere of the Western continent seems to give a new glow and strength to his style.

The first stage of Methodism in this country is that of preaching. There was one great central figure, Asbury, who had been sent out by Wesley simply as a helper to his elder helpers in the new land. But the young man soon developed into a far-seeing and wise organizer. There was no class of American society which he did not fully understand. He was a man of personal acquaintance with all interiors. In Maryland, especially, he was welcomed into the homes of the cultivated, and rudely thrust into the Cambridge jail. In the cabins of the humble and the needy he was always hailed as the bearer of rare comfort. Asbury and his helpers threaded the forests along the Atlantic coast, and went far inward, and southward to the Gulf. What John Wesley was to England, Francis Asbury became to the American Colonies. When Asbury was ordained a bishop, on the arrival of Bishop Coke from England, the conduct of the new work in America was largely in the former's hands. He was himself the central force for every new departure. He was a master in caution, and there were times when his preachers regarded him as too slow of movement. But whenever the fit hour had struck he brought his plans unto fulfilment by a surprising velocity and energy. The whole American situation, both in moral and political life, he grasped with a subtle, unerring, and prophetic accuracy.

The present work of Dr. Buckley is nowhere more forceful than in tracing the advance of the Methodists in this country from the loose and uncertain group of societies into a solid ecclesiastical system, with a cohesive power not surpassed by any Church, either Protestant or Roman Catholic.

The itinerant preachers went throughout the country, at first apparently without plan. In due time the whole body was held together by the strong personality of Asbury, and later by the unity of his far-reaching system. The self-denial of the preachers, their toils and exposure, their industrious authorship, the peculiar charm of their good humor and insight into character, are become striking pictures. To trace the development of a strong religious body from loose and often irregular methods into a Church of unsurpassed cohesive force is no easy task. The characters of the leaders are quite in the line of the author's tastes. His gift of analysis is clearly seen in his effective portraiture of men. The colors are rare and varied. The odd individuals here and there distinguishing the early period are seen to have had their useful place in the advancing column. The primitive conditions attracted strong minds. The sleeping on the earth, the fording of streams, not infrequently the swimming across them, the building of chapels in remote settlements, and the gathering of children into Sunday-schools, were conditions which appealed to the heroic element in multitudes of laborers in the new and broad field of forest, mountain, and prairie. The supreme authority of the bishops, which was often confronted by an assertive individual liberty, characterized all branches of the new American Church, and produced among the Methodists frequent collisions and separatistic tendencies. This was one of the penalties, however, of the marvellous success.

The great slavery issue of 1844 is well analyzed, and justice is given to both sides in the conflict. The Conference of that year, which assembled in New York, was the last meeting of united Methodism. Henceforth there were the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South. It was a sad parting. The crisis of the civil war brought danger to both these Churches, still large even in division, but no sooner was the war ended than notes of peace began to be heard, and with the years there have come fraternal exchanges, and now and then strong words from both bodies in favor of organic union.

The aroma of œcumenical Christianity is already in the air. The five Methodist bodies of Canada have already united into one body—the Methodist Church of Canada. All friends of ecclesiastical harmony will hail with delight the time when both the great branches of American Methodism shall be one wherever the flag of the United States floats. Why not? There has never been any difference in doctrine. In fact, all the divisions of the Methodist Church, from the time of John Wesley to the present, have been produced by questions of polity, and never one by division on doctrinal subjects.

The author of this history, as he brings his work to a close, enters carefully upon the legislation of Methodism, and gives the fundamental changes by the General Conference, from the simple rude beginnings of a constitution down to the General Conference of 1896. The critical periods are portrayed with care and skill. The growth of the missionary and of the other great benevolent organizations is presented with candor, while we observe no disposition to gloss over such mistakes as the novelty of the paths would naturally produce. The educational system of Methodism, developed from Cokesbury College, in Maryland, to the largest undertakings of the present day, is carefully reviewed. The author himself, for a generation, has been one of the leaders of his Church, and one of the most notable representatives in its ecclesiastical sessions. There is hardly a cause for which the Church has been contending in which he has not stood in the front rank. But his personality is quite effaced in the present work. The illustrations of notable characters, heroic leaders, and denominational buildings are judiciously selected, and add largely to the vivid page.

JOHN F. HURST.

NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

EVER since the trustees of the three greatest foundations for public libraries in New York city reached their famous agreement to consolidate the several munificent bequests of John Jacob Astor, James Lenox, and Samuel J. Tilden into one great free library, public interest in the project has been keen and incessant. This was shown by the unusual speed with which the State Legislature and the city authorities in the early part of this year seized upon the opportunity to throw open for this purpose the site of the city's old water-reservoir on Bryant Square. In the same month a committee of six was appointed by the trustees of the three library foundations to procure designs for a suitable building. This committee at once arranged for two consecutive competitions, the terms of which were so definite and yet so liberal that no less than eighty-eight firms of architects were induced to enter the lists for the preliminary contest. By midsummer this contest had narrowed down to a dozen competitors, to each of whom a bonus of $800 was offered as a mere compensation for the trouble and pains of remaining in the fight. Now, at the recommendation of this same committee, the city authorities have awarded the prize to Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, the same architects who carried off the prize in the competition for New York's new Academy of Design.

The members of the jury, which was composed of three practising architects chosen by the competitors, three members of the three boards of library trustees, and the director of the new Public Library, were Walter Cook, of New York; Edgar V. Seeler, of Philadelphia; Cass Gilbert, of Minneapolis; George L. Rives, Alexander Maitland, John L. Cadwalader, and J. S. Billings.

Messrs. Carrère & Hastings's design, as recommended by this jury, and passed upon by the original committee and New York's Board of Estimate and Apportionment, will be seen, from the accompanying illustrations (pages 1224–5), to be a happy adaptation of monumental beauty to the most modern uses of a great free library.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Thus, while due attention is given to such important questions as fire-proof construction and the safe-keeping of the valuable special collections accumulated by the late Messrs. Tilden, Lenox, and Astor, the real problem given by the all-important demands of the librarian was a more satisfactory correlation of the general reading-rooms with the book-stacks than what has hitherto been the practice in the other great libraries of this country and in Europe. There the most commonly accepted plan has been to have the books and the readers together on the same floors, with the stacks forming either the centre or the outer circumference; but in this case, in accordance with a resolution passed by the American Library Association at its last meeting, in Philadelphia, the reading-rooms have been placed above the book-stacks. This arrangement makes it possible for the seven stories of stacks to contain nearly two million volumes without infringing upon the space allotted to the reading-rooms; it allows the best natural light to be shed upon the readers remaining in the library; and it furthermore makes it possible for the large numbers of persons who come to the library merely to draw books for home reading to enter and leave the main distribution-room without in any way disturbing the readers seated at their tables above, while a multitude of elevators will render stair-climbing unnecessary.

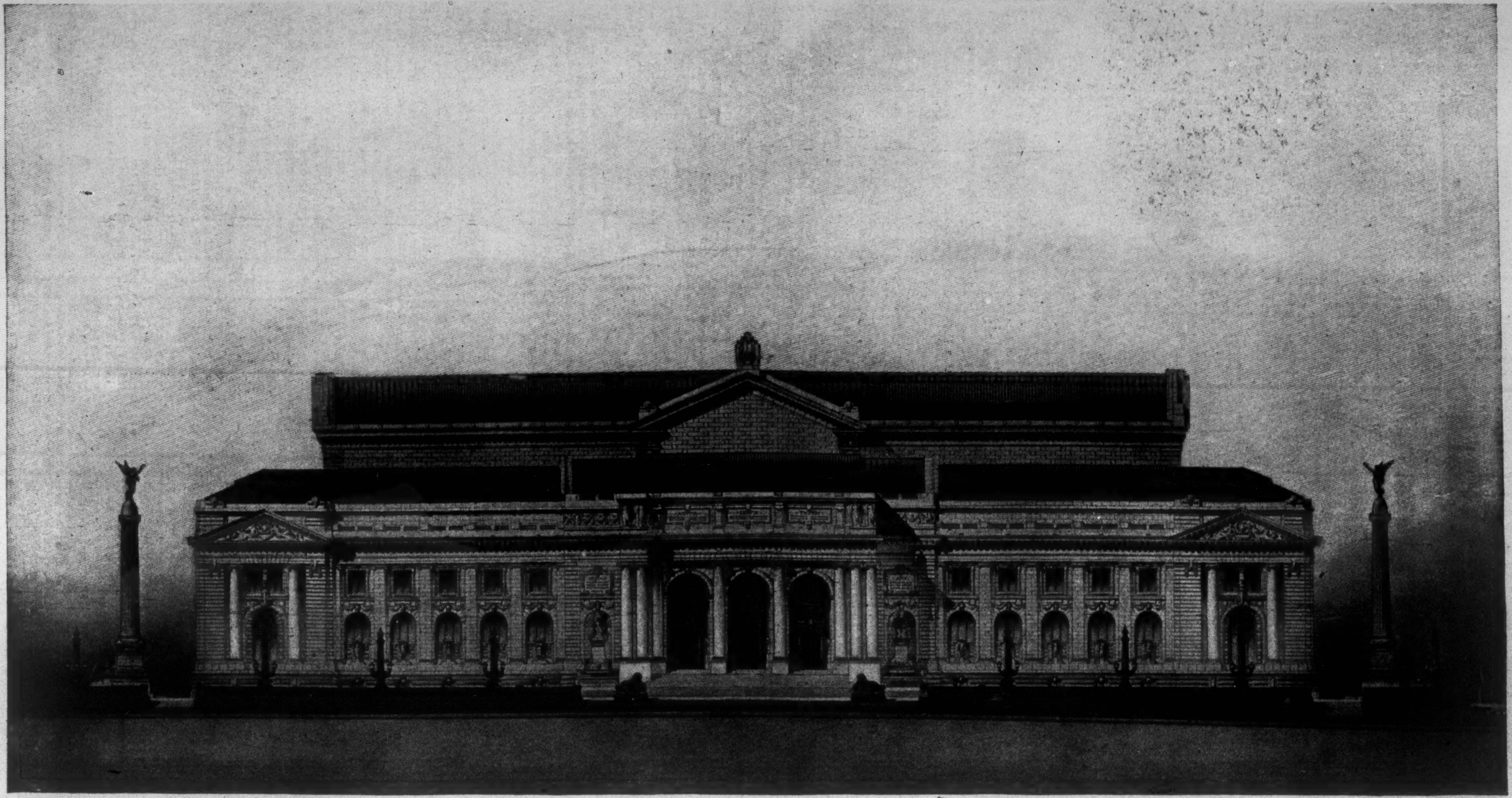
JOHN M. CARRÈRE.

Besides this simple division of the two principal features of the library above and below, there is another equally simple division of the ground-plan, within and without, the rear and higher working part of the library standing within the lower but more ornamental exterior portion of the building, as the letter T might stand within a square-shaped U, with two open courts filling out the inner corners. By this comparatively simple plan sufficient room has been provided within the outer dimensions of 200 feet by 250 feet, with a respective height of 75 feet, for the front elevation, and of 85 feet for the rear part reserved for the stacks, to provide ample space for the following rooms, to wit: a main reading-room, with upper windows and skylight, and a floor space, uninterrupted by columns or partitions, providing for at least 800 readers, and for 3500 linear feet of shelves for 50,000 reference books; a periodical-room, on the first floor, measuring 4000 square feet and providing for 1500 linear feet of shelving; a newspaper-room with an area of 4000 square feet; a patents room measuring 3500 square feet, with 2500 feet of shelving; children's room, 4000 square feet, providing for 80 readers and 1000 feet of shelving; public documents' room, 4000 square feet; library for the blind, 800 square feet, 20 readers, and 225 feet of shelving, on first floor; six special reading-rooms for scholars and students, providing for 1500 feet of shelving; special work-rooms, besides a manuscript hall, Bible-room, map-room, and music-room; the great lending-room on the ground-floor, with a delivery counter at least 60 feet long, waiting-benches for 150 persons, 2000 feet of shelving, catalogue-cases, and 16,000 square feet of bulletin-boards; and a host of rooms for miscellaneous purposes varying from directors' meetings, public lectures, and exhibitions to employees' lunch-rooms, bicycle storage, and public telephone boxes.

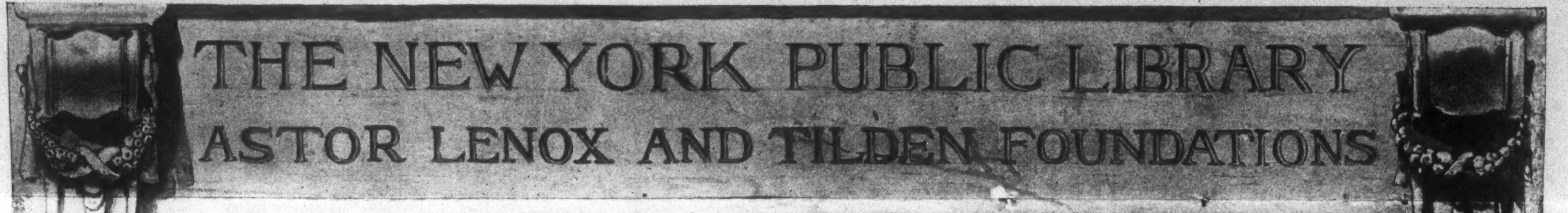
The outside of the building, as the accompanying illustrations show, will be highly imposing and yet simple withal. Its best features will be readily seen from all points, since the building as designed will lie well within the site of the former reservoir, surrounded by open widths of 75 and 40 feet between the sidewalk and the front and side walls of the building, while the rear wall will be bounded by the open space of Bryant Park. The monumental triple portal in the front, rising above a wide marble stairway, will be seen not only from Fifth Avenue, but will form the end vista of East Forty-first Street, which runs down to the East River. Over the three doors, as they stand divided and flanked by simple Ionic columns, will be engraved in large lapidarian letters the simple words "New York Public Library," and over these, in tablets flanked by statuary, will appear the three names: Astor, Lenox, Tilden. Over the glass dome of the front, yet plainly visible from afar, will rise the gable of the inner rear building, surmounted by a modern group of statuary in bronze. Other statues, likewise of modern workmanship, will be ranged along the front, filling the lower walled-up portions of the windows of the first story, while two free columns bearing bronze figures are to stand at the two outer corners on Fifth Avenue.

The color of the building as a whole will be light, though it has not yet been decided whether white marble or Indiana limestone is to be used for the outer walls. The walls of the foundations and of the outer terrace walls will in all probability be gray granite. The cost, as estimated by the Commissioners of Public Parks, who are to erect the building, will be nearly $2,000,000, though the sum of $2,500,000 in all has been appropriated to cover all expenses of building and furnishing the monumental library that is to arise as a phœnix from the dark old walls of the ominous-looking structure of the Reservoir, which, together with the now fallen Tombs and the crumbling Obelisk in Central Park, was one of the few remaining representatives of Egyptian architecture in New York.

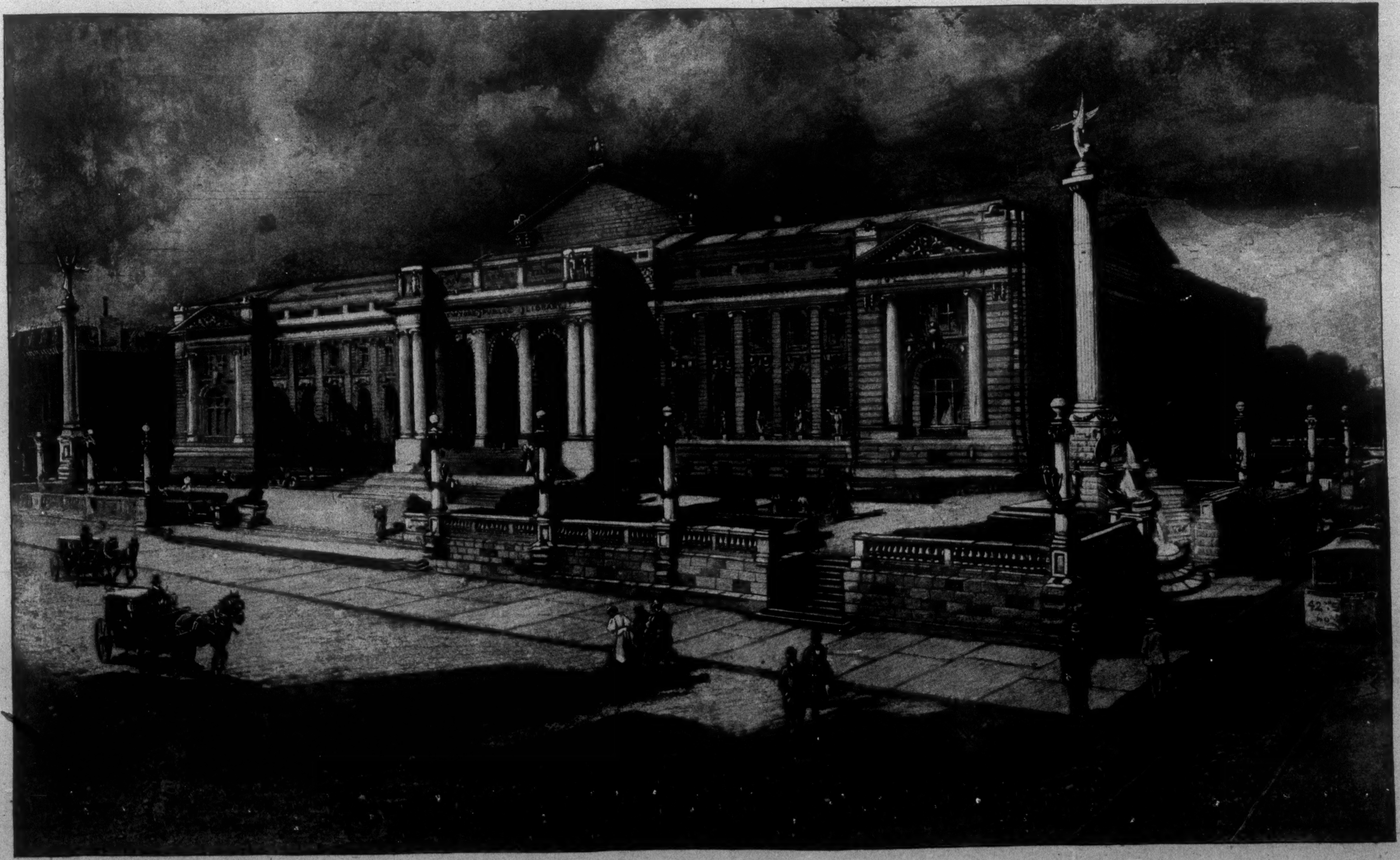
EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



FIFTH AVENUE ELEVATION.—DRAWN BY CARRÈRE & HASTINGS.


THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CARRÈRE & HASTINGS ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ARCHITECTS



THE LIBRARY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS.

At the coming session of Congress the postal savings-bank question promises to become more important than it has ever been before, and it is the opinion of some men, who are familiar with the sentiment of many members of the House and Senate, that a postal bank bill will become a law before the session closes. Possibly, if a bill which meets most of the objections heretofore urged against this scheme is put upon its passage, it will receive a majority of votes in both Houses. It remains to be seen whether the acceptable bill will be framed. Though postal banks have been operated successfully by every other great nation except Germany and Switzerland, there are radical differences of opinion as to the details of a system which would be acceptable to the people of the United States.

Sir Rowland Hill, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, prepared the first postal bank bill, and W. E. Gladstone introduced it in Parliament May 11, 1861. The proposition was fought as earnestly there as it may be in the United States this winter. When ten years' experience had demonstrated the practicality of the system in Great Britain, our Postmaster-General, Mr. Creswell, recommended it to Congress. Later, Postmaster-General James endorsed it, and in 1889 it was taken up by Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

With Mr. Creswell it was a supplement to the oft-recurring proposition to establish a postal telegraph. The Postmaster-General believed that the money to purchase existing lines of telegraph could be obtained through post-office savings-banks, and he recommended that the government accept deposits in small amounts from individual depositors, paying 4 per cent. interest "at the most," and thus accumulating possibly as much as $75,000,000—a much larger sum than would have been needed for the postal telegraph at that time. Seventy-five million dollars (£15,463,928) was the amount then on deposit in the postal savings-banks of Great Britain, the accumulation of ten years, drawing interest at 2½ per cent. The deposits in British banks last year were £97,868,985—about $485,000,000.

In his recommendation Mr. Creswell quoted the figures furnished by the British government, illustrating its experience with the savings system from 1861 to 1871. They showed that the number of deposits in the first period (September 16, 1861, to December 31, 1862) was 639,216; and that this number increased until the year 1870, when there were 2,135,993 deposits. At the same time the amount of deposits increased from £2,114,669 during the first period to £5,995,121 during the year 1870; and the balance on hand (including unused balance of appropriation for cost of management) increased from £1,694,724 on December 31, 1862, to £15,463,928 on December 31, 1870.

It is interesting to note, in passing, the details of the growth of the British system in these first years, especially as they give us a basis on which to figure the possible growth of a similar system if adopted in our country. Difference in population must be taken into account, and the fact that the system, which was experimental in Great Britain, would be offered to the people of the United States with the authority of thirty-six years' successful operation in one country, and a shorter but no less successful trial in a half-dozen others.

The statistics of the British post-office show that the number of postal banks established in the first period was 2535. In 1863, 544 banks were established; in 1864, only 90; in 1865, 240; and so on, irregularly, until the number of banks in operation at the end of 1870 was 4082.

In this period of a little more than nine years the total of deposits received was £37,995,435. Of this amount, £15,463,928 was on hand December 31, 1870, showing withdrawals of nearly fifty per cent.

While the amount of deposits in the last period (1870) was about 190 per cent. greater than in the first period (September 16, 1861, to December 31, 1862), the number of deposits had increased nearly 250 per cent., showing that the average single deposit was larger at first—probably through the deposit of sums hoarded before the establishment of the postal banks—and that in the ninth period the banks were more nearly fulfilling their mission of providing a plan of deposit for the small savings of the people.

Last year 11,384,977 deposits were made in the British postal banks, aggregating £32,078,660; and £25,698,296 was withdrawn. The number of new accounts opened was 1,153,236, and the number of accounts closed was 808,402. The depositors numbered one-fifth of the population of Great Britain.

In the year 1872 Mr. Creswell renewed his recommendation for the establishment of postal banks. Congress failed to act on this, and it was equally deaf to his recommendation, made in 1874, when the panic of the preceding year gave him the text for a more elaborate argument in favor of the postal banks, or Postal Savings Depositories, as he now called them. He estimated the money "in concealment" as a result of the panic at $600,000,000, and held that the quickest way to bring it into circulation again was to establish the postal depositories. Mr. Creswell quoted again the experience of the British postal banks, whose deposits in 1872 had increased to £19,860,874, and he quoted, as an example of the failure of the British private savings-banks to fill the field, the fact that from 1841 to 1861 inclusive (prior to the creation of the postal savings system) the withdrawals from these banks in Great Britain exceeded the deposits by £1,014,482.

In connection with this statement it is interesting to note that in 1895 the Italian postal banks, which have operated very successfully, had deposits amounting to $79,464,712, while the Italian savings-banks held $252,215,427 in deposits. The postal banks of Italy pay 3½ per cent. and the savings-banks 4 per cent.

In 1889 Mr. Wanamaker took charge of the Post-Office Department, and one of the first subjects he took up was the postal savings-bank. He too found in Great Britain the strongest illustration of his arguments in favor of the system. He found more than 4,000,000 persons using the British post-office as a savings institution, with a total of nearly $300,000,000 to their credit, drawing interest. He saw many advantages in the system, and recommended the immediate establishment of 10,000 banks at fourth-class post-offices—that is, offices in towns of small population. In subsequent annual reports, which the President transmitted to Congress, he urged the matter anew, but each time with a different proposition or propositions. None of these ever got through Congress. Bills have been introduced in Congress, and referred to committees in every Congress for many years; but as there has been determined opposition to them from certain quarters and public sentiment has not yet crystallized in their favor, they have lain unconsidered on the calendar.

Postmaster-General Gary will follow in the footsteps of Messrs. Creswell, James, and Wanamaker, and recommend the postal bank system in his first annual message. A great many labor organizations have been doing active work toward creating a sentiment, and the Chicago *Record* has started a popular petition for it addressed to Congress. Evidently a more determined effort than usual is to be made in behalf of the measure.

What the form of the law shall be is a rock on which its best friends may split. Many of them think that the British system cannot be transplanted to the soil of the United States. The question of interest is one point of difference. The British banks have always paid 2½ per cent. Some of the enthusiastic advocates of American postal banks claim that 2 per cent. is a sufficient rate to-day, while others assert that less than 3 per cent., or an even higher rate, will not attract deposits. The highest amount to be received from a single depositor is also disputed. Under the British system the smallest amount received is a shilling; but children may attach stamps to a postal savings card until their aggregate value becomes one shilling, when they are received as a deposit. The limit of individual deposits in one year is £50, and the total limit for one depositor is £200. Canada has a limit of $1000 a year, or $3000 in all.

The advocates of an American system have differed widely about these essentials. The first proposition of Mr. Creswell, as I have said, was for the adoption of the British system, with slight modifications. He would have had the limit of deposits in one year $300; in all, $1000; and a limit on accumulated principal and interest of $1500.

The interest was to be computed from the 1st of the month following the deposit until the first day of the month of withdrawal. At the end of the fiscal year the interest was to be added to the principal.

Mr. Wanamaker proposed at first that not more than $150 be accepted from any depositor in one year. He advanced three alternative suggestions: (1) that the government accept limited deposits and pay 2 per cent.; (2) that the government accept deposits without interest on an agreement to invest the money and distribute its earnings less ⅛ of 1 per cent. for expenses; (3) that the government merely offer the post-offices as depositories, paying no interest. In any one of these cases, he suggested, the government would lend the money deposited, "equitably distributing it to the banks in the States where the deposits originated to keep it in circulation, requiring United States bonds as security, and interest, if the government pays interest, but not otherwise." Mr. Wanamaker suggested, as a fourth plan, that the government agree to redeem all uncancelled postage-stamps or postal cards on savings cards in multiples of $1.

A year later Mr. Wanamaker made another series of propositions: (1) for the establishment of postal banks in States having no laws regulating savings-banks; (2) for their establishment in other States on petition of a considerable number of residents of any one locality; (3) not more than one bank to be established in a ten-mile area; (4) interest to be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury at the beginning of each year at ½ of 1 per cent. less than the average rate paid by private bankers; (5) all deposits to be placed with the national banks of the State from which they were received at a rate of interest prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, the loans to be preferred claims against the banks holding them.

The question of investment of postal bank funds develops the most radical differences of opinion. The proposition to lend the money to the national banks has not been so popular in the past as the proposition to invest it in government bonds. That is the British system. But the total of the bonds of the United States outstanding now is $847,000,000, and of these it is estimated the government could not get more than $250,000,000. This debt will probably be reduced at intervals in the next few years, and it is a question of time when some new form of investment would have to be found. It has been suggested that the surplus be invested in State and municipal bonds under certain restrictions, and that proposition will be laid before Congress. Another suggestion comes from Senator Mason, and is to the effect that the money be used for public works, and particularly for public buildings. Whatever the use of the money, it must be made to earn more than the interest paid to depositors if the system is to be self-supporting.

The arguments made for the postal bank system by its many advocates may be summarized briefly. First of these is that it inculcates habits of thrift in those to whom they are most important. Secondly, it brings money into circulation which would be hoarded. Thirdly, it gives every depositor an interest in the stability of the government.

The objections alleged are that the system would interfere with the business of the savings-banks, that it shows a tendency to centralization, and that it would increase the expense of the postal service.

Stamp savings cards are in use in this country by the Charity Organization Society of New York, and they have been used, though not successfully, by some trust companies in the West. Another system in successful operation, intended to reach the same class, is a school bank, planned by J. W. Thiry, of Long Island City, and now in operation in a great many cities.

Though the postal savings-bank proposition is not sectional, it is of chief interest in the West. Mr. Wanamaker made a calculation which showed that the average distance from a post-office to a bank was ten miles in New England, twenty-five miles in the Middle States, thirty-three miles in the Southern States, twenty-six miles in the Western States, and fifty-two miles on the Pacific coast. In one part of the country Mr. Wanamaker found that a million people had not access to as many banks for small savings as had the people of a New England city of 80,000 inhabitants. It is the South and West which are particularly interested in the measure advocated by Mr. Gary, and the votes of the Senators and Representatives from those States will pass the bill if it goes through Congress.

George Grantham Bain.

A GREAT COAST-DEFENCE GUN.

BY LIEUTENANT G. L. CARDEN, R. C. S.

The construction of the largest gun ever attempted in the United States is now under way at the Bethlehem Iron-Works, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. When completed the new piece of ordnance will exceed by 5.54 tons the monster 42-centimetre (16.54 inches) calibre coast-defence gun exhibited by Krupp at the World's Fair. The Krupp gun weighed 120.46 tons. The new gun for the United States government will weigh 126 tons.

The calibre for the Bethlehem gun will be 16 inches. This calibre is four inches in excess of the largest type of modern gun used by the United States for coast defence. The Krupp gun at the World's Fair had a total length of 45.9 feet. The new American gun will have a length of 49.1 feet. A projectile from the Krupp gun weighed 2204 pounds. The weight of a shell for the American gun is estimated to exceed 2300 pounds. For the Krupp gun the powder charge weighed 903 pounds. The full powder charge for the new American rifle will weigh, it is thought, about 1000 pounds. If smokeless powder be employed, it is safe to say that the weight will be nearly one-half of the latter.

The construction of the Bethlehem gun is under the superintendence of Mr. John F. Meigs, formerly Lieutenant United States navy, and a distinguished American artillerist. Mr. Meigs estimates the striking energy of a projectile from the new 16-inch gun as equal to the blow of a 6000-ton steamer when ramming at sixteen-knots speed. He figures out the energy of impact to be an equivalent of 60,000 foot-tons. Right here it may be said that to readily understand the damaging power of heavy guns is by no means easy. To the general public the terms used by the experts convey often only vague ideas. One hears the expression "foot-tons" used in measuring the energy of a blow, as, for example, it might be said that a shell struck with a force equal to ten foot-tons. The idea conveyed by this expression is, in effect, that the blow struck was as hard a one as would be imparted by a one-ton weight dropped from a height of ten feet. But to get a real sense of the overpowering force of a blow from a 16-inch shell one has only to imagine the power necessary to be exerted in order to stop some vessel six or eight times as heavy as a Fall River steamer when steaming at a speed of not less than sixteen knots per hour. The damaging power of such a vessel (6000 tons), Mr. Meigs says, is "equivalent to that of the projectile of the 16-inch gun."

"To make the comparison complete, it should be observed," he adds, "that the 16-inch gun concentrates all its damaging power on a circle of sixteen inches diameter, while a ship in collision strikes all along her cut-water—a very much greater area. Mr. Meigs declares it to be his opinion "that no ship of war now existing, or likely to exist, could stand such a blow; for there are limitations," he adds, "as to the size and thickness of armor plate which forbid their extension to sizes which would give the necessary resistance."

Although the fact has not been officially announced, it is generally conceded in army ordnance circles that the new gun is destined for the defence of the harbor of New York. Calculations are announced to have been made looking to the placing of the gun on a structure on Romer Shoals. The Romer Shoals are located in the lower harbor of New York. At extreme low water the shoals are bare. To mount a gun there will involve the construction of a foundation at no small expense. The objection to the site, in addition to the cost, is its isolated position. On the other hand, it is pointed out that the Romer Shoals admit of a commanding site over all channels leading into the port; that it is a good military principle that a gun position for the defence of a line should be as far to the front as possible, and, finally, that the gun can be protected in its isolation by rapid-fire guns, and by the co-operation of torpedo-boats.

The expenditure of money on a Romer Shoals foundation can only be warranted, it is asserted, by reason of the superior site it affords. The decision of the engineer officers to develop this point has not yet been made public.

A rule of thumb familiar to ordnance men is a mile range for every inch of calibre. The rule underestimates, if anything, the firing powers of a gun. For instance, the famous "Jubilee" shot was fired from a 9.2-inch rifle. The range attained was, approximately, twelve miles. A Krupp 24-centimetre gun (9.45 inches) in 1892 ranged the record shot of the world—21,872 yards, or twelve and a half statute miles. Assuming a range at extreme elevation for the 16-inch gun of sixteen miles, a shot, if fired from Romer Shoals in the direction of New York city, would fall in the vicinity of Fifty-ninth Street. A shot from the Krupp record gun, if fired from the same position, would fall in the neighborhood of the Equitable Building on Broadway. It should be borne in mind, though, that the above ranges were obtained from angles hardly practicable in time of action, or from the average service carriage, so that in one sense the rule may be regarded as giving excessive results.

The ability of an American establishment to turn out forgings suitable for a 16-inch gun shows what remarkable strides have been made in the steel industry in the United States in the past fifteen years. In 1883–4, when the 8-inch guns for the new cruisers *Atlanta* and *Boston* were constructed, this government was under the necessity of sending to England for gun forgings. As late as 1885 the United States was dependent upon Europe for heavy gun forgings, and when an order was placed during 1884–5 with an English establishment, it was some eighteen months before this government was served. The forgings were for the 10-inch guns of the double-turreted Monitor *Miantonomoh*. At the present day this country is not only independent of the outside world for gun forgings, but is actually undertaking the building of a heavier piece of ordnance than has yet been turned out in any country in the world.

Experience has shown that the hammer used on gun forgings must be as heavy as the gun itself. The hammer now in use at the Bethlehem works has a weight of 125 tons—practically the weight of the 16-inch gun. It was because of the lack of a heavy hammer in the United States that the first call for gun forgings had to be made of English establishments. In passing it may be remarked that the Bethlehem hammer is the largest one in existence. A model of this hammer was on exhibition at the World's Fair.

The first ingot for the new gun was cast at Bethlehem a few weeks ago. It, too, was a record-breaker, being one of the heaviest castings ever turned out in the United States. The weight exceeded ninety-nine tons. In the illustration the ingot is shown when first taken from the pit.

In the subsequent work the ingot will be bored and hollow-forged under the 125-ton hammer. In the hollow-forging a mandrel is first shoved through the tube. From the hammer the tubes will be accurately centred in a lathe, and turned down on the outside to three-eighths of an inch of its final size. In boring, a hognose bit is used, carried on a long bar, and fed automatically into the tube as the cutter drives the hole deeper.

The bore is left three-quarters of an inch smaller than the calibre of the gun. After tempering, the tube is re-bored and turned down outside, leaving the bore to within $\frac{2}{100}$ of the calibre, and the outside exact.

The new gun is being constructed on the built-up process. Experience has shown that this is the only certain way to have a definite knowledge of the material entering into the gun structure. At the same time, by making the gun in pieces, the metal, as a whole, is improved, and flaws are readily detected. The material employed in a modern high-powered gun must possess a high elastic limit, toughness, and tensile strength. The material, to be able to withstand the tremendous shock of discharge, must be able to yield a little without rupture, and must return to its original shape when all is over. Forged steel possesses these qualities in varying degrees, according to the skill of the manufacturer.

The principal strains on a gun are of two kinds—transverse and longitudinal. The first tends to burst the gun; the second, to blow the breech out. To overcome the transverse strains a jacket and hoops are shrunk on over the tube forging. These pieces are slipped over the tube when expanded by heat. They are allowed to cool on the tube. In cooling they compress the inner lining of the bore. This compression, in turn, has to be overcome by the powder discharge before there is a strain of tension exerted on the piece generally.

The treatment of the various forgings of the 16-inch gun is the same. After the hammer stage is passed, the pieces are raised to a cherry-red heat and dipped into a tank of oil. This is termed oil-tempering. The object aimed at by the process is to increase the elastic limit of the metal. Next comes the annealing stage. The pieces are here raised to another heat, but not so high a temperature as in the case of the oil-tempering, and left to cool off slowly. Annealing tends to eliminate the unequal strains in the metal caused by tempering. There is also secured, in the latter process, the necessary amount of ductility to enable the material to yield under heavy discharges.

During the various stages of construction test-pieces of metal are taken from the forgings and are subjected to physical strains. The tests are for elasticity, breaking strain, and ductility. A standard is set by the Ordnance Bureau, from which there must be no falling short. Should a certain number of the test-pieces fail to come up to the standard the forging is rejected.

With the jacket and hoops in place on the tube forging the gun is ready for its final boring to calibre size. The hoops and jackets are turned down to the final size when on the gun, and the powder-chamber is cut out. Rifling follows next, and then the breech opening is fitted to receive the plug. Sights are fitted, and the elevating gear bands are arranged. The gun is now ready for the proof firing. In the matter of rifling, the ordnance shops of this country are regarded as far ahead of those of Europe. It was only recently that a representative of the famous Elswick (Armstrong) establishment, in England, on observing the rapidity with which rifling was carried on at Bethlehem, ordered a lot of American rifling-tools shipped to his firm.

As will be seen from the cut of the gun, there will be no trunnions employed. This is the first time that the War Department has authorized the building of a modern rifle minus trunnions. The navy threw over, some time ago, the use of trunnions, and had recourse to steel straps for the securing of the piece to the carriage. The straps, it is claimed, withstand heavier strains and distribute the resistance better. Straps, it will be observed, will be used with the 16-inch rifle.

Mr. Meigs, when asked his opinion as to the probable life of the new gun, remarked significantly that it would live long enough to do all the work that would be demanded of it. It is generally understood that the life of a big gun is a short one. The trouble which the English had with several of their 110-ton guns has probably given rise to this popular belief. On the other hand, the writer has been assured by Captain A. E. Pierkowski, Imperial German Army, that the 119-ton Krupp has actually been fired 200 rounds without doing any visible damage to the piece, and there is cited an instance of a 10-inch gun having been fired 700 times without suffering damage.

The terrific powder blast of a discharge tends to wear away the lining of the bore. The practice now is to insert a liner when the necessity arises and rerifle the piece. A gun may in this way be made as good as new. The erosion referred to is brought about by the gases passing over and by the projectile. According to a statement made to the writer recently by Captain E. L. Zalinski, the well-known artillerist, improvements are now being made in the gas-checking rings, by which rotation is imparted to the projectile, whereby the gas-checking is perfected. This improvement is expected to reduce the erosion materially, and prolong the life of the gun. The trouble with the English 110-ton guns was the tendency exhibited by the chase to droop. The *Victoria*, *Sanspareil*, and *Benbow* were all three supplied with 110-ton guns. First came an accident on the *Victoria*. This was followed up by the hoop of one of the guns on the *Sanspareil* splitting longitudinally. When the split hoop was removed it was found that the hoops of the first layer underneath it were so separated from each other that the tube could be distinctly seen through the open spaces. After the injured hoop was replaced the gun was again tested, after which it was found that the muzzle had drooped a little downward and to the right, causing such a separating of the forward hoops that a knife-blade could be inserted between them. On a subsequent occasion the muzzle of the gun was found to have drooped out of line. The gun was finally condemned. The guns mounted on the *Victoria* were lost with that vessel in the Mediterranean. The *Benbow's* guns have since been reported to have drooped.

The real trouble with the English guns is ascribed by American ordnance experts to the narrowness of the hoops. In the case of the United States weapon the War Department has taken the precaution to introduce very wide hoops. It is not deemed desirable to make public the sizes, but it is confidently expected that no such trouble as the English experienced with their big guns will be met with in the new American piece.

The British, it will be recalled, after repeated failures in the construction of big guns, announced officially the intention of the Admiralty to not exceed in weight 87-ton guns—or, as it was asserted, guns which could be worked by hand-power. As a matter of fact, the British have descended to a still lower calibre, and seem inclined to use in the future 67-ton guns as a maximum weight for new ships. The new 16-inch gun will cost the government about $125,000. That sum is independent of what must be paid for carriage and emplacement. The carriage will cost not much less than the gun. The sum total for gun, carriage, and emplacement will probably amount to at least $500,000.

The proof firing of the new gun will take place at Bethlehem, provided the gun is assembled at that point; otherwise at Sandy Hook.

In the proof firing of the 16-inch gun the piece will be subjected to strains of 38,000 pounds to the square inch. Pressures of 15 tons to the square inch are the normal service pressures for navy rifles. In the army guns the service pressures are generally 16 tons to the square inch.

Every feature connected with the big gun is modern, save the firing attachment. The War Department adheres to friction primers in preference to electric contacts, though the use of electric primers is general in services on the continent of Europe.

The credit for the introduction of a 16-inch gun into the coast defence system of the country is given to Brigadier-General Flagler, the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance of the War Department. Prior to the last session of Congress the War Department was unable to secure authority for such a monster gun, owing to the cost. When the subject came up the last time before the Fortifications Committee for debate General Flagler is reported to have declared that a harbor such as New York should possess at least one gun capable, when every other gun in the harbor had proved futile, of stopping any vessel an enemy might be attempting to send in. Such a gun, he believed, could be obtained on a 16-inch calibre. As a matter of fact, New York, when fully defended, under the present programme, will possess something like fourteen 16-inch guns.

The great Krupp gun exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, and which ranks next in size to the coming Bethlehem gun, had been fired sixteen times prior to its exhibition. Powder charges of 903 pounds were used, and the average foot seconds velocity was 1900. The Krupps give out the following dates for this gun on perforation of forged wrought-iron armor: At point-blank range, through 3.53 feet; at 3280 yards, through 3.26 feet; and at 6500 yards, through 3.01 feet. These figures would be very different if based on Harveyized nickel-steel plates. There is little reason to fear, however, but that the Krupp figures will be handsomely beaten when the new American gun reaches the proving-grounds.

On the subject of armor penetration it should be borne in mind that only normal impact gives the maximum results, and normal impact is extremely difficult to obtain in naval action. Captain Zalinski, in speaking to the writer on this point, said that, because of this difficulty, he does not advocate armoring a ship to withstand the heaviest blow a projectile can deliver. In Japan, he states, he saw the battle-ship *Chen-Yuen*, which was engaged in the Yalu fight, and which carried only 10-inch compound armor; and yet, when this vessel was struck by a shell which ordinarily would pierce with ease her armor under normal impact, the projectile only got a short way in. On other parts of the *Chen-Yuen*, where the armor was not so heavy, the ship was completely riddled by the quick-firing guns. There were but four places where the ship was struck by the guns of the heavier calibre. As the blows which were delivered by the heavier guns may be considered exceptional incidents, and those of the quick-firing guns as the ordinary incidents of a naval action, it would seem to him, he said, to be better to take somewhat greater chances on the exceptional chances of being hit by the heavier calibres, and fewer chances and more protection against what may be called the normal incidents of action—being hit by quick-firing guns. "In other words," he added, "I believe in a somewhat different distribution of the armor of battle-ships than has been the practice heretofore."

TABLE OF THE WORLD'S HEAVIEST GUNS.

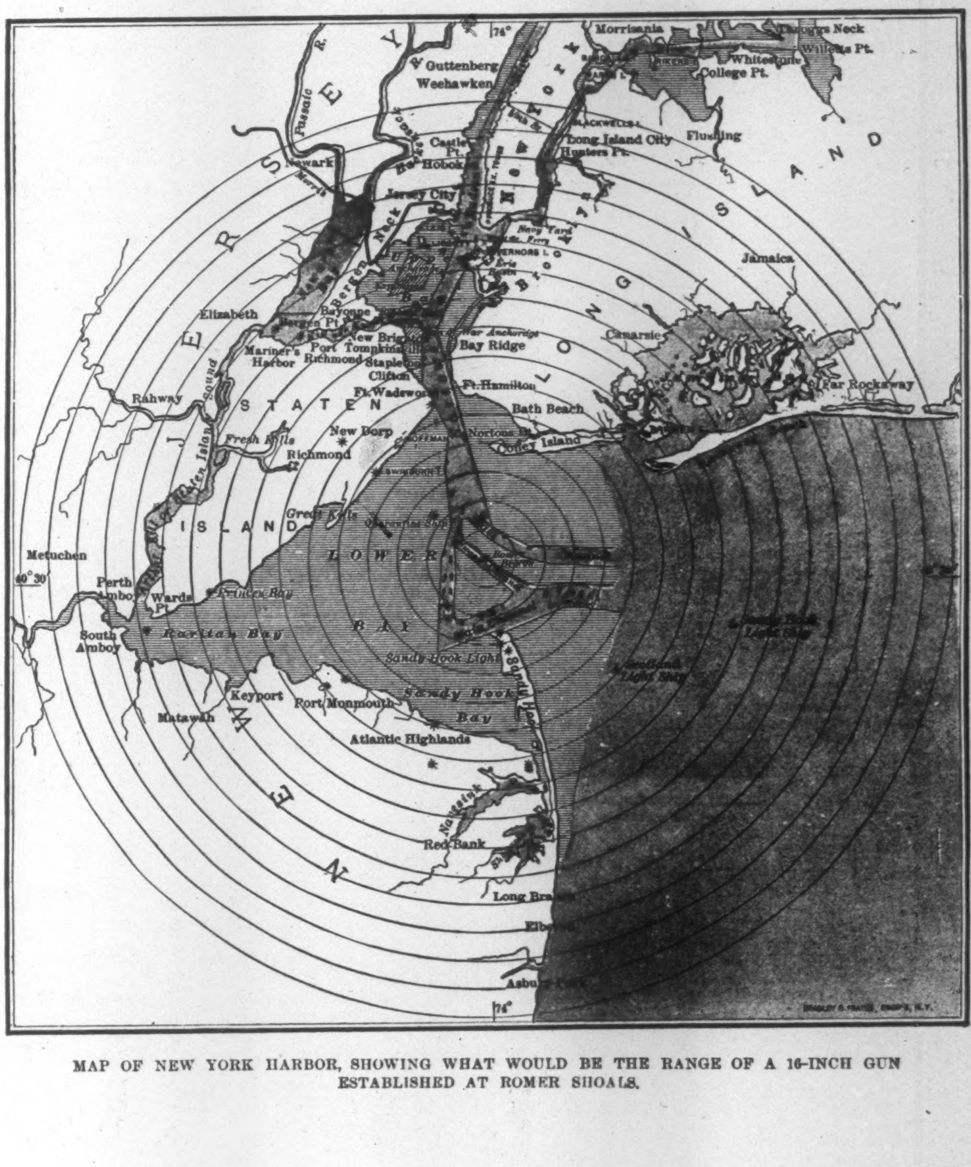
Nation.	Calibre (inches).	Weight of gun (tons).	Length (feet).	Weight of shell (lbs.).	Weight of powder (lbs.).
United States	16	126	49	2350	1000
Germany	16.5	120	45.9	2204	903
Italy	17*	104	40.75	2000	900
England	16.25	110.5	43	1800	960
France	16.54	74.2	32.5	1719.6	595.2

* This type is the heaviest now carried in the Italian navy. The 119-ton gun obtained of Krupp for the Italian navy is now mounted in the Italian shore defences.

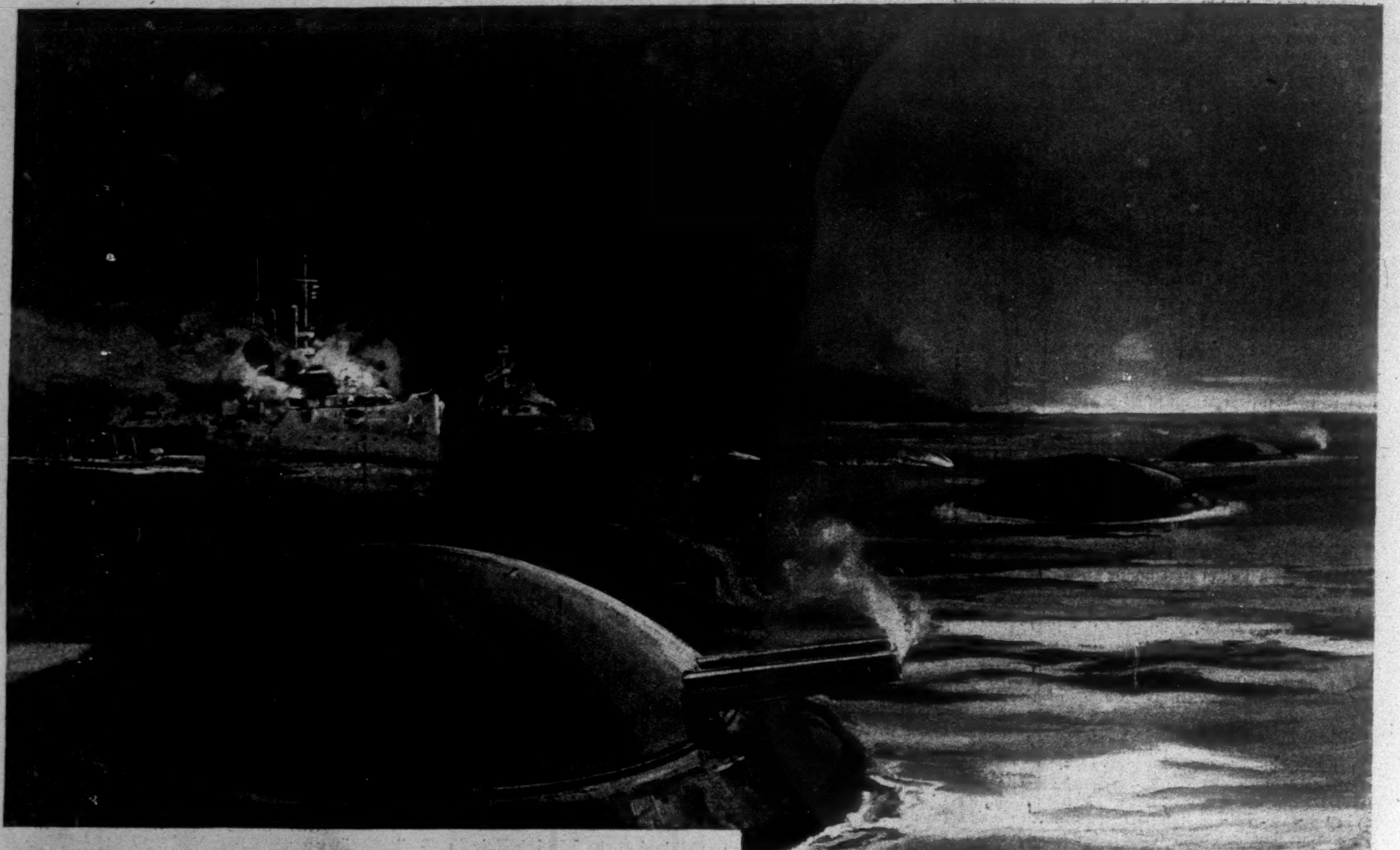
TIME IN HOURS REQUIRED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF THE VARIOUS PARTS OF A 13-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

Boring tube	255
Boring jacket	210
Roughing off tube	14
" " jacket	30
Boring A hoop	112
" B "	144
" C "	175
" D "	112
" E "	120
" F "	110
" G "	48
" H "	76
Turning shrinkage for jacket	72
Assembling jacket	16
Opening screw-box	12
Turning shrinkage for and assembling hoops (4 hoops)	114
Ditto B	45
" C	50
" D	33
" E	33
" F	25
" G	12
Screwing handle on G hoop	2
Screwing handle on gun	18
Spotting gun	8
Turning Steroy-rest bearing	30
Roughing off	64
Boring	205
Boring and turning to outside dimensions	
Screwing on H hoop	2
Facing off breech	10
Chambering	75
Chasing screw-box	40
Laying off screw-box	2
Turning slope on breech	40
Finishing steady rest bearings	56
Rifling	90
Slotting screw-box	85
Lopping	72
Filing scre-wbox	72
Fitting breech mechanism	144
Turning for yoke	32

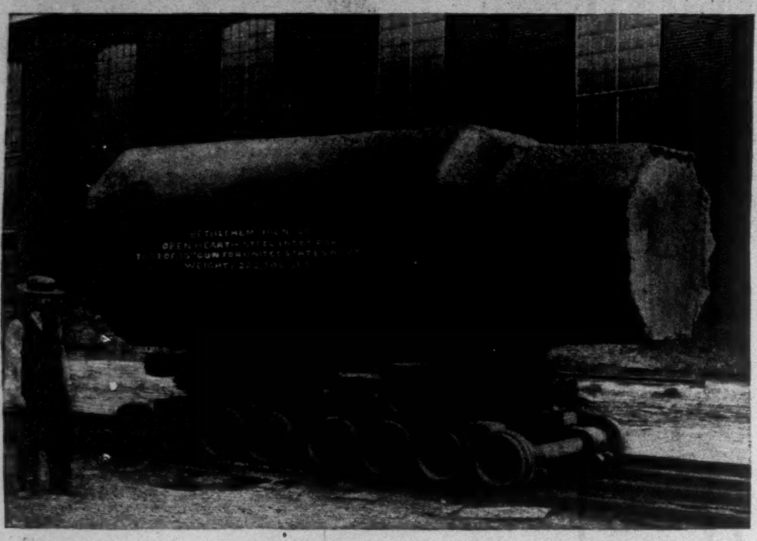
NOTE.—The 13-inch gun is the heaviest gun built, to date, in the United States. It weighs, approximately, 67 tons.



MAP OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING WHAT WOULD BE THE RANGE OF A 16-INCH GUN ESTABLISHED AT ROMER SHOALS.

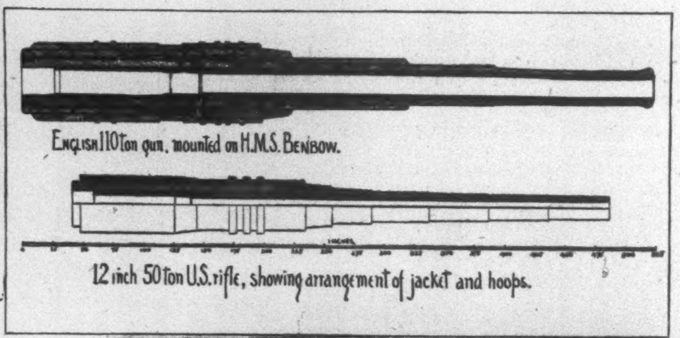


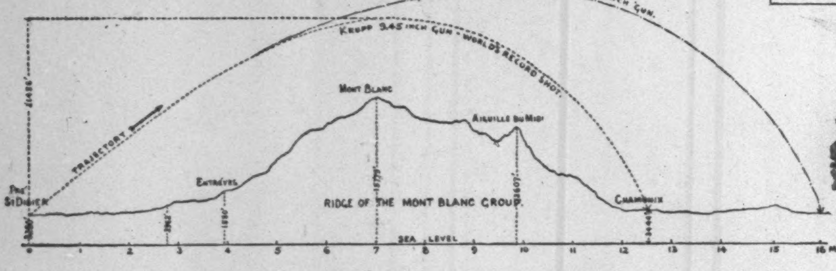
PROPOSED GRUSON TURRET DEFENCE ON ROMER SHOALS.

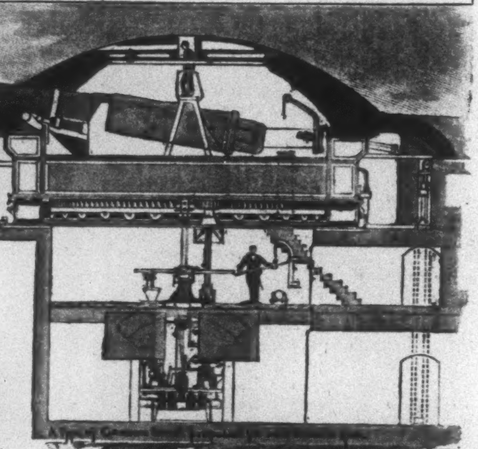


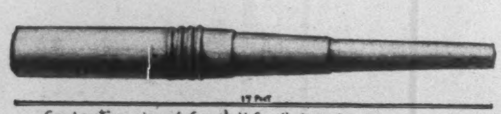
NICKEL STEEL INGOT CAST FOR TUBE OF 16-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE FOR UNITED STATES ARMY.

Diameter of Ingot, 6 ft. 2 in. Total length, including Sink-head, 16 ft. 7 in. Weight, 99.2 gross Tons.

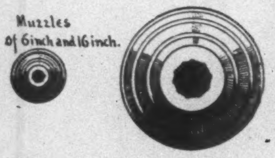

English 110 ton gun, mounted on H.M.S. Benbow.
INCHES
12 inch 50 ton U.S. rifle, showing arrangement of jacket and hoops.

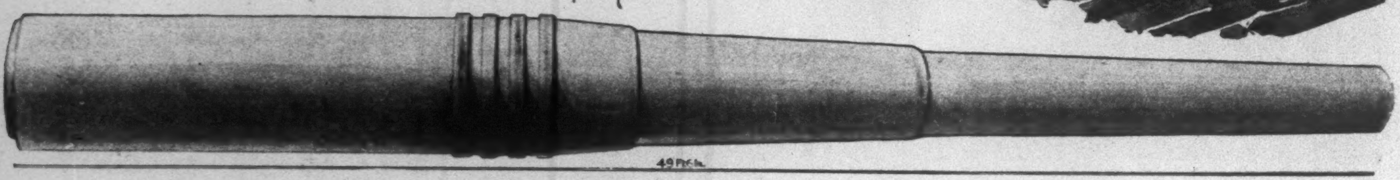






Comparative size of 6 inch U.S. rifle (navy) and new 16 inch Coast defense gun.


Muzzles of 6 inch and 16 inch.



A GREAT COAST-DEFENCE GUN FOR THE PROTECTION OF NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jr.—[See Page 1226.]

RORY LYNCH.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

I.

RORY LYNCH was born in the little fishing village of Duncleary, that straggles along the edge of Clew Bay, in the County of Mayo, in Ireland. The Irish peasantry are as fond of nicknames as the Latins, and Rory was better known as Rory the Rover, Red Rory, Rory the Fox, than he was by the name he inherited from his father and received at the baptismal font, the variants being tributes to his vagrant seafaring life and the brilliant hue of his hair.

Besides his name, Rory received from his father a heritage of hate—a fierce feud with the rich Hamiltons, whose lands touched the starveling farm of the Lynches. The original Hamilton and founder of the family was an ex-drummer of a Scotch marching regiment, who first appeared in Duncleary a few years before the '98. This Hamilton—he was called Alpin—acquired a competence by thrift and other less admirable means; and during the Rebellion, while he was Lord Duncleary's land-agent and a captain of yeomanry, he sent many a man to the gallows at Castlebar, and among the rest Condon Lynch, Rory's great-grandfather. In the generations that succeeded, the Hamiltons managed to send many a Lynch over the sea—either a fugitive to America or a convict to Botany Bay. And while the fires of hatred burned briskly as the years went on, the Hamiltons went on thriving, and the Lynches grew poorer and more desperate. The long record of wrongs done to his kin was dinned into Rory's ears, and he drank in hatred for the Hamiltons with his mother's milk. He hated them cordially, and as a lad he had vigorously thrashed Alpin and Walter, the two sons of old "Black" John Hamilton. Anxious to be rid of such pestilent and uncomfortable neighbors, the Hamiltons offered to buy the Lynch farm for a good price, but Rory rejected their offer with scorn and insult. But rid of the Lynches, by fair means or foul, the Hamiltons swore to be; and as they were rich and politically influential, and Providence is usually on the side of the heaviest artillery, the outcome of the struggle was not doubtful.

Rory Lynch, with true Irish conservatism, followed the ways of his father, but being shrewder and more industrious, he acquired in time a half ownership in the fishing-smack *Blackbird*, which had the reputation of being the smartest craft of her kind from the Bloody Foreland to Dingle. Gossip had it that the *Blackbird* went to the French coast oftener than she did to the mackerel-grounds, and the excisemen were very anxious to overhaul her cargoes; but as the smack came and went at unseasonable hours, the custom-house men were never able to fix a charge of smuggling against the boat. Time and again, under the urgings of Squire Hamilton, the "gaugers" spread a net for the feet of the smuggler; but the Red Fox was awake and not to be caught. But though balked, the snarers were not beaten, and Lanty Lannigan, Hamilton's water-bailiff, spent many an hour racking his sly brain to arrange baits to trap Rory. At last Lannigan found a man in Castlebar who was willing to help the Hamiltons to land Rory in the clutches of the law; and this rogue struck a bargain with the owners of the *Blackbird* for the delivery of a few kegs of French brandy in a cove a few miles below Duncleary.

When the appointed night came, Walter Hamilton, a squad of police, a couple of excisemen, Lanty Lannigan, and the man from Castlebar were in waiting near the cove, like spiders for their flies. But in some way the thing leaked out, and while Rory's friends could not reach him to warn him of the trap, they went down to the landing, unknown to the officers, to take a hand in the fight that was inevitable.

Near midnight the *Blackbird* came gliding up the bay like a ghost, and slipped into the cove to the landing-place; but her anchor was hardly in the weeds when there was a rush by the officers to get aboard, led by Walter Hamilton. Rory's friends too went for the *Blackbird* with a roar, and a very pretty fight was the result, heads being cracked with zeal and the silence being broken by oaths and pistol-shots. When the fight was over and an inventory of damages was taken, it was found that Hamilton's face was smashed to a jelly, Lynch had escaped to the hills, and Sergeant Clancy of the constabulary was lying dead on the landing. With astonishing assurance Lannigan volunteered the information that Lynch had shot Clancy, though everybody knew Rory never carried a more deadly weapon than a salmon stick. The dead man was carried to Duncleary, and there was a hue-and-cry for Rory Lynch, but that man took to the bog and the heather, and was "on his keepin'."

The *Blackbird* was in the hands of the authorities, and one of her crew, a poor devil called Cregan, was locked up in the police barracks. Cregan, under the judicious counsels of Mr. Lannigan, was ready to swear Clancy's murder on Rory Lynch, provided he could save his neck and liberty. As he was guaranteed both, and money enough to carry him to America, a warrant for murder was issued, after the coroner's inquest had duly fixed the crime on Rory. When this news reached him in his hiding-place, and he learned that a price of a hundred pounds was on his head, Rory realized that the sooner he was out of Ireland the better; for, as he put it himself, "Wance in the clutches of the law in Connemara, I'd as soon thrust me sowl to the keepin' av the divil as me neck to Counsellor Coffey an' a Castlebar jury."

So he slipped across country one dark night and went aboard a boat bound for Bristol; and the day he landed there he had the Queen's shilling in his fist, the recruiting sergeant snapping him up as a pike does a worm. When his beard was shaved and his hair cut and he had donned a red coat, there was hardly a man in Duncleary would have recognized the fisherman in Private Cronin of the 45th foot.

Inside of a month his regiment sailed from Portsmouth on the *Crocodile*, bound for India; and when the oceans rolled between him and the land of his birth, Rory began to breathe freely. The loss of his prey deeply chagrined John Hamilton, who eased his feelings by sending a full account of the affair to his son, the gallant Major Alpin Hamilton, then sweltering in the Northwest Provinces. Lanty Lannigan bemoaned his ill luck and wondered what hole the Red Fox had crawled into; while Walter Hamilton kept the house for a month, when he came out with his face permanently disfigured and his heart full of wrath and hate.

Meanwhile the drill-sergeant had licked the tall fisherman into a straight, fine-looking soldier, and one that Captain Markham looked on with special favor. Then the 45th was pushed up north and west, and sent to broil and stew in the cantonments of Peshawar, where Rory grew homesick and longed for the green hills of Duncleary. But longing did little good, for hot, sweltering Peshawar was always before his door, and in his mind's eye were Walter Hamilton, the Queen's counsellor, the bewigged judge, and the packed jury; so he put away all thoughts of home and cursed behind his teeth.

The days grew into weeks and months, and then came the second stage in Rory's wanderings, and that is best told in his own way.

"The hate an' the flies wor dhrivin' us to disthraction an' murdher in that divil's hole av a cantoonment, whin along kem a dhrove av commissioners an' naygurs an' elephan's an' camels an' the divil's own roost of craychures; an' out we marched bag an' baggage into the hills, where it was cool, thankin' the divil for his mercy. Three hundhred av the 45th wor sint as a guard, meself among the rest, to guard the commissioners, an' we wor boun' for Candahar or some other such place, to have a colloguin' match with a king or a rajah, an' to lave him know that av he didn't shtop fightin' for the Rooshuns we'd be afther cuttin' his black throat. Sorra much cared I for the Rooshuns or the rajah, for glad I was to get out av the hot hole an' into the mountains, where I could breathe God's air an' live.

"Well, four days out we wor reinforced by two squadhrons of naygur lancers undher command av Major Alpin Hamilton, the brother of Walther, an' the son of ould black John. Me heart was in me mouth; but thin I thought that changed as I was an' the long years since he seen me, shure he'd never know me. He rode along our line, cockin' his eye at us; but I didn't thrust him, an' I shlipped in among the camels out av his way. Well, for days I dodged him, playin' hide-and-seek, but at last he foun' me.

"We wor camped be the side av a brook wan day, an' I had gone out undher a big three back av the camels to be be meself an' smoke, an' as I was lukkin' out at the blue mountains an' dhramin' av me poor ould father an' mother back in Mayo, a han' was laid on me showldher, an' him that owned the han' said, 'So I've foun' ye at last, have I, Rory Lynch?' An' he laffed as cowld an' cruel as the bastes in the hills. I knew it was Alpin Hamilton, an' though me face paled an' me heart stud still, I'd have died there in me thracks rather than let wan av his black breed see the sign of the craven in me, or have it to say that a Lynch flinched him. I faced right about like a sojer, saluted him stiff an' proud, an' lukkin' him in the eye, sez I to him, ‘Av it's lukkin' for me ye wor, sor, I'm found; for here I am, worse luck! when I wish I was back in Duncleary.’

“‘Take it aisy, Lynch,’ sez he. ‘Take it aisy. I'll engage ye'll go back to Duncleary soon enough, an' I'll warrant ye a warm welcome from the hangman.’

“I kep' me timper, for he was a Major, an' Rory Lynch a private sojer; but I knew I'd be undher his black hide before we wor done colloguin'.

“‘Well, sor,’ sez I, talkin' slow an' aisy, ‘there's been hangmen an' Hamiltons in Mayo this many a day, and Lynches have swung on the gallows-three, but there's nayther hemp nor hangman in Castlebar for me. I know there's wan law for the Lynches an' another for the drummer's get, but mark me, Major Hamilton, av I die be the perjury av a Hamilton or wan av their dirty follówin', me debt will be paid in full av there's powdher an' ball in Ireland. But I think, sor, I'll die a nacheral death, like any sojer, ayther in bed or battle.’

“‘Yer a loose-tongued blaggard, Lynch,’ sez the Major, his face white with passion. ‘But kape yer Irish tongue back av yer teeth here. Ye'll need all yer breath when Jack Ketch puts the rope on ye in Castlebar.’

“‘Time enough to bid the divil good-morrow when ye meet him, sor,’ sez I, me fingers itchin' to squeeze his throat. ‘But whether it's here or beyant the say, be sure I'll die as we always died, a man, as becomes the son av an honest woman.’

“Then his eyes blazed, for he knew I was talkin' back to Duncleary's lavins that married the first Hamilton; an' dhrawin' back, he struck me in the mouth with his ridin'-whip, sayin', as he did, ‘Take that, ye scoundhrel, an' mark my words, back ye'll go to Ireland to hang for the murder of Clancy.’

“God only knows how I kep' me han's off him; but I wiped me mouth with me han' slow an' quiet, an' thin I said, ‘A sojer may not strike back at his shuparior officer, even whin he's a cowardly dog; but plaze God the day is comin' whin I'll wear another coat, an' then ye'll answer to me for that blow.’

“His face got white an' he turned an' left me. I laned aginst the three, fit to cry, I was that wake, an' only kem to meself when I h'ard Captain Markham sayin', ‘So yer name is Lynch, is it, an' not Cronin?’

“‘That's me name, sor,’ sez I. ‘It wasn't convanyent to have me own on the rigimintal rosther.’

“‘Quite so,’ sez he, smilin'. ‘I didn't intind to listen to yer talk with Major Hamilton; but the fact is I was asleep there undher the bushes whin yez woke me up with yer Connemara riminiscences. Yer a tenant av his, I take it?’

“‘No! Glory be to God, I'm not!’ sez I. ‘We don't own much, but we'd own more av no thievin' Hamiltons had ever set fut in Duncleary.’

“‘Ye have had some throuble at home?’ he went on.

“‘Throuble enough, sor,’ sez I. ‘I broke his brother's head in a scrimmage with the gaugers, an' somebody shot a peeler; an' now the Hamiltons are swearin' the murdher on to me, though Lord knows a blackthorn was the only weapon I ever carried until I put on a red coat. It's an ould score they're thryin' to pay in their own dirty way. It's what ye might expect from a man that wears a sojer's coat and strikes a Pandy's blow.’

“The Captain looked me over from head to fut, an' sez he, ‘Are ye any soort av a walker, Lynch?’

“‘Well, yer honor,’ sez I, ‘I can walk the legs off any man, camel, or divil in this expedition on hill or dale, or in desert or bog. The Lord gev me a purty good pair av legs.’

“Thin Captain Markham looked out av the sides av his eyes, an', spakin' kind of slow, sez he: ‘Lynch, it's about fifty days' good walkin' from here to the say, over the mountains, marchin' due south into the sun. It's a hard road an' a bad counthry; it's full of wild bastes an' wildher min, an' maybe ye'll never get tin miles from here. But I'm thinkin' ye'd betther thrust yerself to the naygurs an' the jackals than wait on the mercy av Major Hamilton.’

“‘I'm thinkin' that same meself, yer honor,’ sez I, ‘for wolves an' Pandies have as much tindherness as an Irish judge an' jury with Hamilton an' Lanty Lannigan in the witness box.’

“‘Well, me man,’ sez the Captain, kind of brisk, ‘if ye wor to take yer rifle an' ammunition an' something to ate, an' walk away this very night, I don't think that ayther meself or Major Hamilton would find it out for a week.’ And away he wint, as aisy an' unconsarned as ye plaze.

“Faith, I wasn't long in makin' up me mind! an' to make a long story short, I gev the sojers the slip that night an' began me thramp over the mountains into the face av the sun.”

II.

Out in the wild mountains of Afghanistan, trudging wearily towards Beluchistan, Rory Lynch was truly between the devil and the deep sea—between Alpin Hamilton and the Indian Ocean. And that which lay between these extremes of evil was a Pandora's box of troubles—wild hillmen whose hands were against all men, wild beasts, the hunger of the hills, the thirst of the desert. Even with Rory's equipment of courage and resolution and an abiding faith in his lucky star, his chances of ever reaching ocean and freedom were slender. Ignorant of the people and their language among whom unkind fate was thrusting him, his journey seemed foolhardy; but he pushed on into the unknown land, anxious to place hill and valley between himself and the British commissioners. Suffering from heat and hunger, weariness and thirst, he marched by night and rested in ravines and thickets by day, until he was well beyond the reach of pursuit and capture. Many a night he spent at the campfire of some wandering, dark-faced, fierce-looking shepherd, whose frugal meal he shared, and whose puzzled eyes told the curiosity and mistrust with which he regarded this tall fair-faced wanderer, with hair and beard of tawny flame. The days stretched out into weeks, and yet the progress made towards his goal, the sea, was small; and a month after his flight found him still within a few hundred miles of his starting-point. But now he began to know the country and had learned how to avoid the scattered hamlets, whose dwellers he mistrusted. Soon he noticed a great unrest among the hillmen, who seemed to be constantly on the move, gathering on the crests and ridges as vultures flock to a quarry. As he watched them from the vantage of rock and thicket he wondered what it all meant; but he pushed on, avoiding all but the lonely guardians of the flocks, trying to put off the inevitable day when he must fall into the hands of the Ishmaelites. He was now travelling by day, and sleeping at night by shepherds' fires, or in the shelters of rock and cave under the stars, in the dry, wholesome air of the hills. His thews and sinews were as hard as rawhide, and his face was growing browner daily as he marched onward into the face of the red fierce sun.

One night he rested on a hill-side to crave the hospitality of a bearded banditlike shepherd whose fire burned in the shadow of a bowlder. Below them in the valley Rory could see the flat roofs of the houses of a little village, and on the breeze were borne to him the indistinguishable murmurings of its life.

Their meal concluded, Rory looked the thanks he could not speak, while the shepherd, pointing to the hill slopes beyond, went off to look to the safety of his folded flocks, for the marauders of the night were prowling and calling in the hills. Then the tired wanderer lay down to rest and sleep and to dream of his distant home beyond the sounding ocean.

He was rudely wakened to find himself struggling in the grasp of half a dozen fierce-looking hillmen, who, tying his arms, led him down the mountain-side, through the valley, and into the hamlet he had seen from the ridges above. He was thrust into a room and left to pass the remainder of the night wondering what fate had in store for him. Shortly after the dawn a man came to the room and led him out through a yard where armed men were standing and sitting, and into a room adorned with a few rude couches and mats of skin. In this room, reclining on a couch, was a tall, fair-haired man with a long brown beard and bright, savage-looking eyes. He signed to Rory's conductor, who left the room, leaving them alone together. He looked keenly at Rory, who returned his gaze calmly and unflinchingly, and then he spoke.

“Yer an English sojer?” said this man to Rory, in a broad Irish accent.

Rory's face was a picture of astonishment as he answered, “I was until I desarted.”

“Yer a Connemara man?” continued the chief.

“I am,” replied Rory, “an' troth so are you.”

The chief bowed his head and asked, “What's yer name?”

“Rory Lynch.”

“An' where are ye from?”

“From Duncleary in Mayo, to be shure.”

“Holy Virgin!” said the chief, earnestly. “Ye must be the son av Gerald Lynch an' Kate Cronin.”

“I am that,” responded Rory, in astonishment. “But, for God's sake, who are you?”

“Philip Cronin, yer mother's brother.”

“Mother av God!” gasped Rory, crossing himself. “An' you given up for dead this twinty year!”

“Dead or alive, here I am an' here I've been this many a long day,” said Cronin. “But what bad luck brings you into this God-forgotten counthry?”

“The luck av the Lynches, the Hamiltons,” cried Rory, fiercely.

“The curse av Crommell on thim!” said Cronin, hotly. “I'd give all the plundher hidden in these hills for wan minute with me fingers round the windpipe of ould John Hamilton.”

When Rory had told the story of his misfortunes the uncle told his. Like his nephew, he had fled Mayo with the stigma of crime fastened on him by John Hamilton, whom he had offended by his open partisanship of his sister's husband. He joined the army and was sent to India, and his restiveness under discipline kept him in trouble. During an expedition to Kelat some petty act of insubordination subjected him to the cat, and he was triced to a gun-wheel and lashed. The savage in the man brooded over his wrongs, and one morning Cronin was missed and Lieutenant Chisholm was found dead in his tent with a bayonet in his heart. Native cavalry pursued him, but he escaped into the hills and found refuge with the hillmen he now ruled. His prowess, daring, and skill commended him to the chief, whose daughter he married, and to whose office he succeeded; and in time every robber chief for a hundred miles around acknowledged him their leader.

“An' are ye never goin' back to the ould home, Uncle Phil?” asked Rory.

“Never agin,” said Cronin, sadly—“never agin. Me bed is med, an' I mus' lie on it. An' you mus' stay here with me until things quiet down in the hills. There's been a ruction up there be Candahar, an' the commissioners are flyin' back to Peshawar like hares. The sojers is scathered an' dead, some here an' some there, an' some are wandherin' down into me net, lost in the mountains.”

They were interrupted by a tribesman who came in and gave a message excitedly to Cronin, who heard him calmly and then ordered breakfast. After they had eaten, Cronin said, “Rory, can ye handle a swoord?”

“Can't I, though,” replied Rory. “Ould Tom Haynes av the Hussars larned me all his thricks at the cantoonment, an' he the finest fincer in the Northwest. I'll take a rally out av any man in the hills with a swoord.”

Cronin brought an ugly-looking heavy yataghan from the corner of the room and handed it to Rory, saying: “Take that. It's an iligant thing for close quarthers, an' I'm thinkin', from what the boy said just now, we'll have fun before the sun goes down this night.” Then buckling on a sword and taking a rifle, the elder man handed Rory the arms taken from him the night before, and said: “Come! The min are waitin', an' we'll find the lost sojers beyant in the hills. We'll give thim a bed that no thrumpet but God's will iver wake them from.”

Rory stopped, and pointing his hand to the hills, cried, “Av the min over there are the 45th, thim that I've slep' an' ate with, I'll raise no finger aginst thim, an' I'll ask ye to sind thim safe into Injy, but—”

“Save yer breath, Rory,” said Cronin, with a hard laugh. “They're not infanthry; they're lancers, with an English officer.”

Rory's eyes gleamed and his face flamed, and gripping his rifle, he nodded to his uncle to go on, and both stepped into the village square, where nearly a hundred fierce-looking tribesmen, armed with rifles and swords and knives, were waiting. With Cronin and Lynch at their head, the wild troop went up the mountain and marched along its ridge until the path pitched down into a narrow rugged pass that opened out into a long broad valley. At a word from Cronin the tribesmen disappeared behind trees and rocks and thickets, while he and Rory watched the approach of a cloud of dust from down the valley that soon developed into a small body of mounted men. Nearer and nearer they came, riding wearily, the horses looking fagged, the men worn out. As they rode into the pass Rory clutched Cronin's arm, and said, hoarsely:

“It's Alpin Hamilton! God has given our inimy into our hands! Rimimber, he's mine.”

Yes! It was Major Hamilton and the remnant of his squadron riding to death. As they reached the spot where the pass widened they halted to rest men and horses. That was the signal for their destruction, and the bullets of the concealed enemy emptied the saddles. Under Cronin's orders, Hamilton seemed to bear a charmed existence. He turned his horse to ride for the plain, but before he went many paces, Rory Lynch, who had jumped down the side of the hill, stood in his path, sword in hand.

“Get off yer horse, Alpin Hamilton,” said Rory, slowly, “an' let us see av yer as ready with the swoord as yer handy with the whip. Get off! Man to man an' swoord to swoord, ye'll die this day or I will; me or you will sleep on the hill-side this night.”

Hamilton looked round at the sea of fierce faces; he looked back where his lancers were lying dead in the pass, and then his eyes came back to the angry face of Rory Lynch, whose blazing eyes seemed to burn into his soul. Alpin Hamilton was no coward, but his heart failed him for a minute. Then he dismounted and said, slowly, “Well, Rory Lynch, am I to be murdered or am I to die like a man?”

“Alpin Hamilton,” retorted Rory, “ye'll not be murdhered. That's a Hamilton thrick, not the style av a Lynch. This is a fair fight, man to man an' blade to blade. I'll try an' kill ye, Alpin Hamilton, an' give yer mate to the vultures, an' wipe out an ould score betune your blood an' mine; but av I fall, Alpin Hamilton, Phil Cronin there will see that ye go free to Injy. Am I right?”

Cronin, who stood by, sword in hand, nodded assent grimly to this proposition, feeling that he could do so safely. Rory had thrown off his upper clothing and stood naked to the waist, with the yataghan grasped firmly in his hand. His tall figure was lean and muscular, every thew and sinew being hard as steel, and his pose gave evidence of strength and activity. Major Hamilton stripped off his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves, with a drawn sabre. He was lean and active looking, but lacked the weight and reach of his opponent; but he believed his skill as a swordsman would counterbalance any disadvantages of weight and muscle. He had a contempt for his opponent—the superciliousness of the officer for the private, the squire for the peasant—and he believed he could run him through in short order.

“Are yez ready?” asked Cronin.

Both men nodded, and Cronin continued, “Thin go at it!”

The men crossed swords, fencing rapidly and viciously for advantage, the clashing of the steel making the narrow pass ring, and bringing a glitter to the eyes of the savage hillmen, who stood around eagerly watching the strange duel. Rory Lynch's skill and strength soon began to tell on Hamilton, whose breath came in short gasps, and down whose face perspiration rolled. He realized his opponent's cleverness with the sword, and it sent a chill through him, although he himself was accounted one of the best swordsmen in the Northwest. He knew he could endure the strain but little longer, and that if he were to save his life Lynch must be disposed of soon. He laid on with renewed vigor, cut and thrust, pressing his opponent, around whom he circled like a hawk; but he soon found how futile were his efforts, for he was beating against a swordsman with an arm and wrist of steel, and his hot offensive soon settled down to a wary and hopeless defensive. It was a hawk pitted against a cat. Rory was conscious that his foeman was in his grip, and the gleam of triumph that lighted his eyes chilled Hamilton, who licked his dry lips. From catlike caution Rory changed to vigorous attack, a torrent of blows wearing out his foe, who retreated step by step. He stumbled; his guard was struck down; his sabre was knocked from his grasp, and he stood panting, wild-eyed, disarmed. Lynch's yataghan whirled in the air with a hiss round his head, and then swept forward with a whistling swish, striking Hamilton in the neck just above the shirt collar. The blow half severed the neck, its force staggering Hamilton, who, with hands and fingers working convulsively, fell to the earth bleeding and dying, his eyes, big and open, staring up at the hot red sun. He was soon dead, a few choking gasps ending his life. Rory Lynch touched the body with his boot, and then, stooping down, he took a ring bearing the Hamilton seal from the dead man's finger, and holding it aloft, he said:

“There he lies; him that was to sind me to the hangman at Castlebar. I'll sind this ring home to his ould father an' wring his cruel hard heart. I'll tell him how his proud son died by the swoord av a Lynch, how his mate fed the kites an' the wolves, an' how his bones lie whitenin' in the dirt. Oh, it 'll be a black day for the Hamiltons!”

Wiping his sword on the dead man's garments, Rory put on his clothes and, leaving the tribesmen to their plunder, he and his uncle tramped back over the mountains to the village. Not one of the troop who rode into that pass was spared; all had been killed, and the circling vultures told all that another tragedy had been added to the bloody record of the mountains.

The rest of his strange story is easily told. Through the good offices of his fierce relative he was passed on from tribe to tribe until he stood on the shores of the Indian Ocean, rich in the possession of a store of jewels, the gift of his bandit uncle. After weary months of watching and waiting, the United States ship *Alleghany* visited the coast on survey duty, and Rory had little difficulty in shipping with the crew; and about a year later he was discharged in San Francisco, when the ship went out of commission.

Rory Lynch now lives on a fine farm near a small seaport on the coast of Oregon, with all his tribe from Duncleary, following his old occupations of fishing and farming; and he has prospered and married.

John Hamilton never learned the fate of his son, and never will until the day of final accounting; for Rory kept his counsel, more prudent in cold blood than he was when he made his passionate promise in the Beluchistan pass over the dead body of his enemy.

ON THE DYEA TRAIL.

A LEAF FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DIARY BY W. P. LOCKINGTON.

The Colonel and I turn out at 6 A. M. 'Tis snowing hard, and the mountain range at Long Lake is covered with snow.

Giving up the task of making a fire, he turns that warm duty over to me, and succeeding, I soon have coffee, flapjacks, and bacon steaming hot.

Along come Alkali Ike and Mr. Glass, and we invite these two sturdy sons of California to join us. Another contingent, half frozen and tired, Tappan Adney (the special correspondent of Harper's Weekly) and his man Brown, beg to be allowed to warm their half-frozen limbs at our camp fire. The two men, heavily weighted with their eighty-pound packs, join in our slender repast; and as we are striking tent, Tappan Adney proceeds to raise his, taking advantage of the scattered logs to keep his fire going, and the balsam slips and boughs which form the carpet of our tent.

Tall and wiry, with a wholesale strength developed in his long lank limbs, topped off with a certain positiveness of manner, Adney soon outstrips his man in the work, and throwing himself down on his saturated pack, becomes absorbed in his note-making, while his assistant feeds the fire.

At Lindeman Lake we again meet, and our tents are near together.

Tappan Adney's face differs from the rest, his beard stubbornly refuses to grow, and beyond the little apology for a mustache there is little to catch the frost or become irksome with icicles.

But he is a good boat-builder, and soon the tap of the hammer tells us he has succeeded in getting up the ribs and knees of his light but stanch little "double-ender."

I hear a light swift step, and the face of this energetic scribe is framed by the flap of our tent, as he inquires if we have any "fourpenny and sixpenny nails."

Tools and sacks are turned over in our efforts to find his salvation, and the best is half a pound of nails for six bits, or 75 cents. Such is the ruling price for this ordinary but useful commodity.

ENGLAND'S LITTLE WAR IN INDIA.

England is now engaged in one of those little wars on her Indian frontier which, though they seem insignificant to the world at large, are nevertheless of vast interest and vast expense to the subjects of the British Empire. There are now massed on the Northwest frontier nearly 70,000 troops, and the number of transport animals—horses, ponies, oxen, mules, and donkeys—required to maintain this immense force is considerably over 50,000.

The tribes against which these troops are pitted are the Afridis and Orakzais, who between them command the highroad to Kabul—the Khyber Pass. Many of the Afridis have been trained and drilled in British native regiments, and many of them are splendidly armed with rifles stolen from Fezropore arsenal and elsewhere from time to time. They have plenty of ammunition, too, having captured 50,000 rounds in one fort last August, besides having a back avenue for supplies from the arsenals of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who, however, disclaims all sympathy with the tribesmen. The Afridis are hillmen and dead shots, and are creating tremendous havoc among the British officers, whom they pick out from behind their *sangars*, or intrenchments, with a skill and certainty that are simply damnable. Their warfare is of a most aggravating guerilla kind. They pester a British column from some practically inaccessible rookery, which it costs enormous mortality to storm, and while being stormed it showers British bullets into British troops from rifles belonging by right to the British government. When their rocky strongholds are finally stormed, the tribesmen do not wait the bayonet; they retreat into their fastnesses for the time being, and the moment the British troops retire from a—to them—useless vantage-point, the Afridis occupy it again. A place called Dargai was thus captured and abandoned the other day—this is being written at Peshawar, on October 27—on the 21st it had to be retaken, at a cost of 163 men killed and wounded. Considering the difficulties of attack, the British troops behaved most pluckily in this instance, but not more so than the Ghoorkas—little chaps from Nepaul, who fight for the mere fun of the thing, and can give many British troops cards and spades and a beating in the matter of sheer animal courage. The Gordon Highlanders crossed an open space under a scathing fire, with the pipes skirling as they advanced. One gallant piper was shot in the chest. He may recover, but his grief over the loss of his pipes, which were shot to bits, is pitiable. He does not worry about the hole in his diaphragm. The transport facilities are poor, and in many places it is almost impossible to find water for the immense force in the front. This gives rise to terrible hardships, and many of the transport animals fall and die out of sheer thirst. The men stand the trial better. They are all dressed in browny-yellow *kharkee*, their officers being dressed just the same. This does not prevent the latter being spotted by the enemies, who pick off every one they see who is not carrying a rifle. Correspondents and others object to this trick of the wily native. "Sniping," or picking off stray pickets, is very frequently resorted to by the Afridis, who have killed several good men by stalking them in this manner. Herewith is a photograph of the fort at Jamrood, where sniping is particularly rampant. It is only nine miles from Peshawar. There is also a portrait group of the officers of the Patiala Imperial Native Infantry, a regiment paid, equipped, etc., by H. H. the Maharajah of Patiala, and by him sent to assist the forces of his suzerain the Empress of India.

Peshawar, *October 27, 1897.* E. A. M.

WHILE THE HEART IS YOUNG.

Youth is a charm which cannot always last,
Its spring-time song is once, once only, sung:
And yet I feel that all the halcyon past
Is with us ever when the heart is young;

I have known men, gray-haired and dim of eye,
Who lived their lives like any happy child;
For they were children still; the earth and sky,
The streams, the radiant flowers, the woodland wild—

Sang to them like sweet music of glad days
When each went forth, a laughter-loving boy,—
Sang to them, and shone brightly on their ways,
Till hope grew mighty with a deathless joy.

Ah! memory is a thrilling life apart,
Softened like far-off and ethereal chimes,
That wakens tender longings in the heart,
That reincarnates vanished dreams and times;

And all that life may win in faith and truth,
All that it holds to with a trust divine,
Is the ripe fruit that was a bloom in youth,
The rose that blossomed from a flowerless vine;

The life, the flower, may grow to autumn's dearth,
But hope will stay where it has bravely clung;
Spring is renascent over all the earth,
Years cannot change us while our hearts are young.

George Edgar Montgomery.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

TEA IMPORTS INTO AMERICA.

In the last three years the imports of tea from Formosa, China, and Japan have dropped from 105 million pounds to 85 million pounds, an average of about 20%. Why is this? The apparent reason is the crude, ancient, and unclean methods of rolling the tea by hand, which has been practised in those countries for centuries.

During the same period the imports of tea from Ceylon and India have grown from a little over 7 million pounds to 12 million pounds, or an increase of 54%. The reason of this must be that the teas from those tropical climes are manufactured and rolled entirely by modern and powerful machinery in a cleanly manner. This method of manufacture also gives additional strength to the tea, as it crushes all the cells in the leaf, which makes it more than double the strength of those of other countries.—[*Adv.*]

Every Christmas Table should have a bottle of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters. Greatest appetizer. —[*Adv.*]

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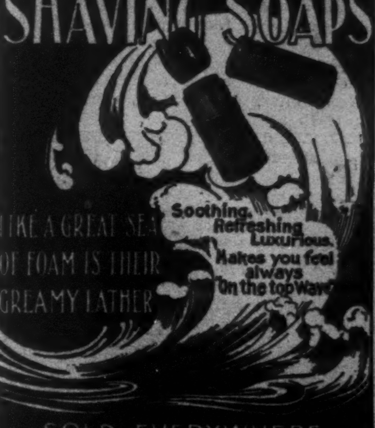
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DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

SUNRISE ON PIKES PEAK.

In looking at the reproduction of this remarkable photograph the eye wanders to the title below; otherwise one might easily feel a hesitation as to what it represents. At first sight it is Turneresque. There may be a moment's thought that the middle distance is a stretch of ocean; then its broken tumult suggests the Niagara Rapids, or that frozen torrent the *Mer de Glace*. Play one more trick of imagination with the picture and look at it upside down. Seen through an arch of rock is a bit of coast with creamy waves and level bars of light slipping along the shining sand; uncouth dunes, shifted by the wind, and a sky that hangs low with rain.

The reality, however, is more marvellous than these pictures of fancy. It represents an impression, but the fiftieth part of a second in duration, of a pageant which surpasses in sublimity anything that can be seen among the usual haunts of men. To find it you must seek a mountain-top at sunrise, with the "baseless fabric" of cloud-land between you and the solid earth. Below is a vast fleecy blanket spread over the still sleeping world. "In the cold wind that foreruns the morn" the mass begins to stir and curdle; ghostly shadows steal across it from the east, where a pale light glimmers. Steadily it becomes more luminous, kindling the under sides of the cloud-forms that hang above, till with a burst of glory the sun mounts up, flings bars of light through the dense moist atmosphere, and sprinkles cloud-land with thousandfold reflections of rose and iris.

Many travellers to Pikes Peak, 14,200 feet above sea-level, must have witnessed this spectacle, but few, if any, have been so successful in recording it as Mr. Fred P. Stevens, a landscape-photographer, of Colorado Springs, and a Cornell graduate of the class of '96. During a week spent upon the summit he made many unsuccessful attempts to secure a picture, and modestly ascribes his ultimate success to a lucky combination of circumstances. The principal difficulty in photographing a sunrise is that you are shooting directly at the sun, and even a beginner in photography knows that in order to get a good picture the sun may be shining in any direction except directly on the lens. Apparently one of the "lucky circumstances" in this case is that a strip of opaque cloud intercepts the direct glare. Then the question of length of exposure is a difficult one to meet, as in these high altitudes, for some reason not thoroughly understood, the light is more actinic, acting upon the sensitized plate more intensely and immediately. Here Mr. Stevens's scientific knowledge assisted him, and after many previous experiments he employed on this occasion an exposure of the fiftieth part of a second. In the Eastern States, near sea-level, the relative exposure would be four to seven times as long.

To some the radiating bars of light may seem suspiciously defined, as if the plate had been subsequently touched up; but this action of strong light upon atmosphere saturated with moisture recalls to the writer a similar phenomenon seen at night upon a small scale. Its occasion was an open-air performance of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in the Botanical Gardens at Birmingham, England. Rain had fallen during the day; and at night, as the play proceeded, a dense white fog arose, upon which the calcium-light gathered itself in bars fully as clear-cut as those in this picture. C. H. C.

RACQUETS.

The greatest game of racquets ever played in this country was seen at the court of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club on Saturday, November 27. The match was for the championship of the world, George Standing, the head marker at the New York court, having challenged Peter Latham, who occupies a similar position at Queen's Club, London, and who held the championship, to a home and home match to defend the title. Under the conditions two matches were to be played, each the best four out of seven games, one match to be played in Latham's home court in London, and the other in Standing's home court here. In case of a tie in number of games the match was to be won on the aces. The stakes were $5000 a side, the largest on record for a racquet match.

Peter Latham has held and defended the title of champion for ten years, having been challenged three times during that period. This was the second time he had been challenged by Standing. Both men are English, and learned the game when boys on the other side. Peter Latham is the heavier of the two, giving one the impression of greater physical strength, which the result of this match proved he possesses. Standing is very cleanly and prettily built, with plenty of muscle and a long reach. Both men were in the pink of condition, having been in training for six months. There is very little difference between the racquets of the two men; if anything, Standing plays in the prettier form. Latham is particularly strong in the left-hand stroke. There was a marked difference between the men in stamina and the wickedness of their game. Latham won the match in London by four games to one. It will be noticed, in the score given at the end of this article, that Latham served two more aces than Standing, which is rather extraordinary, as it is to be expected that the man who is in his own court will serve the most aces.

The match was won on the fourth game, amid great excitement. In this game Latham, in the first innings, made 6 aces, making him 6 to 1. Standing and Latham each made an ace in the next innings. Standing then, by very brilliant play round the court, made 4 aces, and Latham 2, making the score 9 to 6 in favor of Latham.

Standing then made an ace by a difficult service. In the next five innings Latham made 4 aces, while Standing made only 1, making the score 13 to 8. Standing in the next two innings made 5 aces, 3 of which were by service. This made the score 13 all. The game was then set for 3, and Standing was retired after serving 2 aces. Latham then went in and made 2 aces, making the game 2 all on the set. The next innings yielded nothing for either man. Standing then served what seemed an impossible ball. Latham, however, with his marvellous wrist, got the ball up just over the telltale. Standing returned this ball, but the ball hit the floor from the bat.

This was not seen by most of the gallery, and there were yells of applause, on the supposition that Standing had won. This was not the case, however, as Latham won the game by a service in the next innings.

Latham thus won the whole match by winning two games here, the first and fourth. After this, according to agreement, the games were finished out, and although good racquets were played, it was apparent that both men let up, the big match being decided. Latham won this match in his opponent's court by 4 games to 3.

	1st Game.	2d Game.	3d Game.	4th Game.	5th Game.	6th Game.	7th Game.	Total Aces.
Latham.								
Aces by service	8	6	2	6	5	9	9	45
Aces by play	7	10	1	10	4	7	6	45
Aces by faults								
Total	15	16	3	16	9	16	15	90
Standing.								
Aces by service	0	11	9	9	8	6	0	43
Aces by play	2	7	6	6	7	9	1	38
Aces by faults								
Total	2	18	15	15	15	15	1	81

THE SCORE IN FULL.

Umpire for Standing, C. Lawrence Perkins. Umpire for Latham, E. La Montagne, Jr. Referee, W. T. Lawson.

The game was extremely well marked by Tom Pettitt, the head marker of the Boston Athletic Association.

C. Lawrence Perkins.

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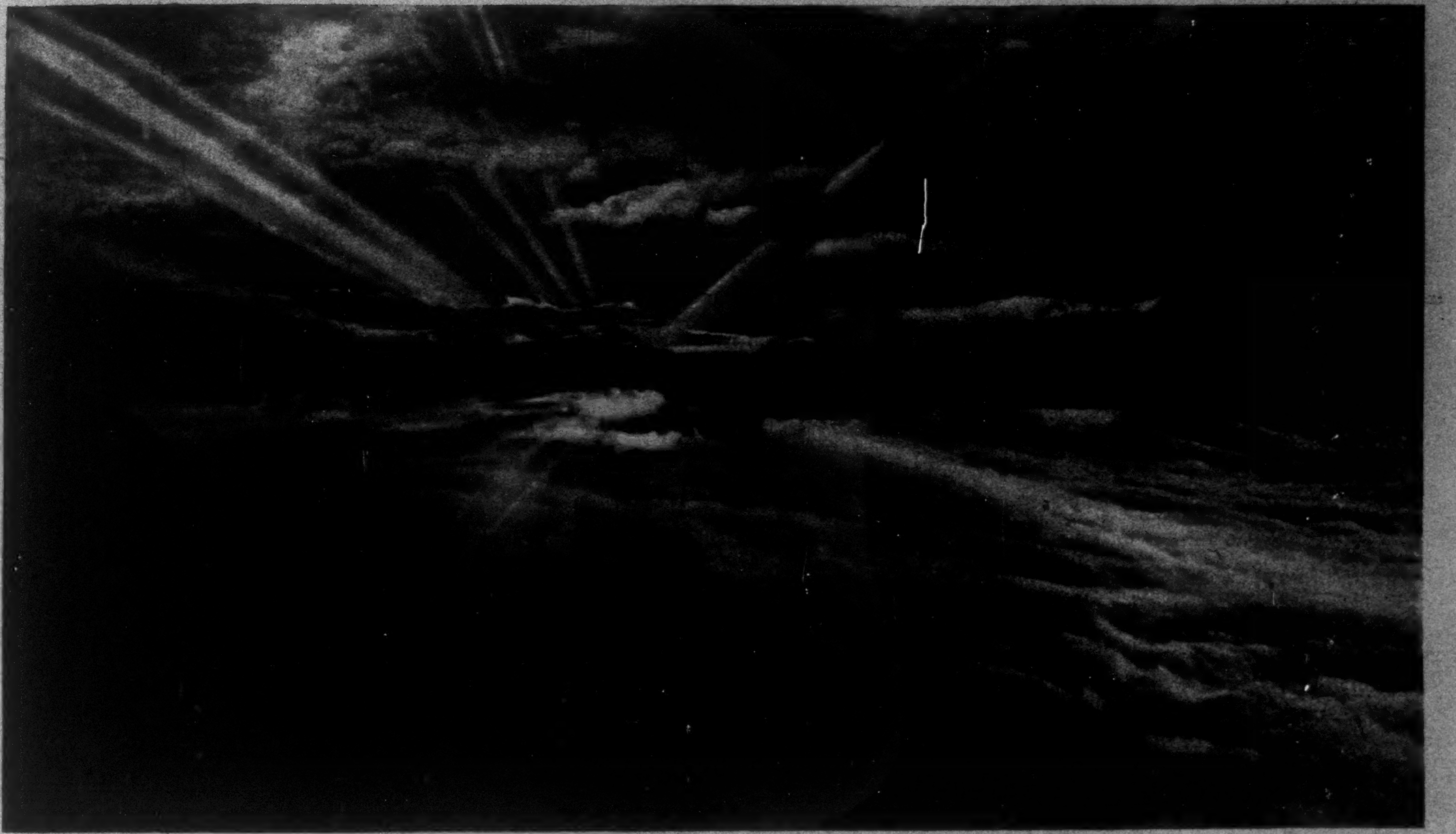

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SUNRISE FROM THE TOP OF PIKES PEAK.—[See Page 1232.]

AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for Harper's Weekly.

During Mr. Whitney's absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

A REVIEW OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

Some penalties in the athletic world seem almost too severe to fit the crime. One of these is the penalty paid for mistakes regarding physical condition of contestants. If one may credit the eye and judgment of experts, the Harvard crew of last year would have probably rowed faster ten days or two weeks before the race than it did, or could, on the day of contest. The Cornell crew at Henley, within a short time after its arrival, rowed the course in better time than any English crew made even at the time of the race, but was beaten—rowed out—by a crew travelling more slowly than had the Cornell crew at many times in the earlier days of its residence on the river. One might multiply instances indefinitely.

In football there seems to be a special temptation to lose sight of the vital importance of condition as a factor in the final results. And by condition is meant not especially the freedom from sprains and bruises, but particularly the lively strength springing from the confidence of robust health. That condition that renders the man enjoying it a better man, mentally as well as physically, than his overfed or drawn-too-fine comrade. The football season of 1897 stands out in a marked manner as a proof of this.

For football surprises no former season can equal or even approach that of 1897. Harvard was named to defeat Yale easily, and, up to within a week of the meeting, every score and the public form of the elevens pointed to such a conclusion. Princeton was considered the best team ever turned out, and was expected simply to swamp its principal rival. Up to the time of the Yale-Harvard game there was no reason to doubt the accuracy of such a supposition. Pennsylvania was held up as an ideal scoring-machine, which she certainly was at one time, and was expected to wind up a most successful season by illustrating upon Cornell the wonderful scoring powers of the "guards back," and the impregnable defence of the "ends in." But Harvard could not beat Yale; Princeton, too, found herself played to a standstill and defeated in her one great match; and Pennsylvania was in luck not to have followed suit with Cornell, for guards back was broken like paper by the Ithacans, and Cornell circled the Pennsylvania ends for telling gains. The expected thirty or forty to nothing dwindled down to a scant four. West Point, expected by her friends to do well early in the season, could beat the better-conditioned Wesleyan team but three points, while at the end she surprised even her most ardent admirers by the whipping administered to Brown.

These surprises, besides showing the possibility of unexpected form in a big game, offer valuable matter for discussion upon physical condition. Harvard had advanced, according to the newspapers, an entirely new principle of training, namely, that of playing only alternate days, and generally taking especial care that her prominent players might not be in bad condition physically at the time of her big game. Pennsylvania had taken a long period of summer training and early hard play. Princeton had not made as early a start as Pennsylvania, nor been as carefully handled as Harvard, but had reached her maximum two or three weeks before her greatest game. Yale had had a few backs at work in the late summer, but had done no early training. In the actual playing and practice Yale was sent the hardest, and was kept at it up to the very eve of contest, actually lining up and playing on Friday before the Princeton game, although the team had had a rest the greater part of that week. Yale's greatest progress, both in skill and condition, was made during the last three weeks of the season. It is probably well within the opinions of those who follow the sport most closely to say that during the week in which Pennsylvania defeated Brown (40 to 0), Princeton defeated Lafayette (57 to 0), Harvard beat Cornell (24 to 5), and Yale played a tie with West Point, a fair rating of the teams would have placed Princeton and Pennsylvania a tie for first place, and Yale a very doubtful fourth, fifth, or even sixth. But on Thanksgiving day, when Pennsylvania wound up the season with Cornell, Yale was so near first as to make it an open question.

How did all this reversal of form come about? There can be no question of one point, and that is that Mr. Butterworth was the most successful of all the coaches of the season. His team performed properly when a good performance was required. His team had few and simple plays, but they had a spirit and a dash that made those plays hard to stop. The defence of the Yale team, wofully weak in mid-season, was hammered into a steel line by the time of final contest. Berkeley, whose teams Mr. Butterworth has coached for the last two years, should study this, and determine where her trouble lies.

The Yale team was a green one as a team, but of the individuals who finally composed it, five of the line men, Rodgers, Chadwick, Chamberlin, Hazen, and Hall, were in last year's squad, and four of the team were in the last year's Princeton game. These men must then have been made to do better than last year. They were. Every man of them. Benjamin back of the line, and the five named above in it, each played the game of his life in the two big matches this year. And they did this because they were fit to do it, and because not one of them, save Captain Rodgers himself, had felt sure of his position up to the very eve of the Harvard game. It was a survival of the fittest, and, with plenty of new material, there was no man good enough to hold a place save by his own individual exertions in the hottest kind of rivalry. That made a second eleven of the right stuff too, and the whole mass of players grew better together, until, toward the end, the struggle between the first and second was about as close a match as any the team could play. It may be advanced that such a pace as was set for the last two weeks could not have lasted long. That is probably true, but it was necessitated by the exigencies of the occasion, and it won the game. It was the most remarkable finish by a team from a university noted for finishing strong—a place from which no organization can safely be set down as defeated until the day of the contest is over.

The course of the Pennsylvania team is equally interesting to follow. Its leader, Mr. Woodruff, had mapped out a policy for developing to the extreme the already tested advantages of an offence consisting in hurling against first one point and then another of the opponents' line a compact mass of players moving at high speed. To this he had added such movements of the ball and men as should at times deceive the opponents as to who was the holder of the ball, and thus add to the difficulty of stopping the advance. He was eager to get to work upon the men who had partially mastered these principles of his. To bring about the perfection he desired, he began his campaign earlier than the others, and by mid-season the Pennsylvania team was certainly farther advanced, in its peculiar style of play, than any other eleven. But its maximum was reached some time before its final game. It was at its best against Lafayette and Brown. The first signs of staleness were visible in the game with the Indians, and in spite of the most heroic efforts to correct the coming trouble, Pennsylvania finished in a struggle with Cornell on Thanksgiving day, when her own goal was most seriously menaced three times, and when her best playing could secure her but four points.

Princeton reached her highest limit on the day when she defeated Lafayette, 57 to 0. Her team was then in ideal fighting trim. What had promised to be a danger, the laziness of a veteran and conquering team, seemed to have been satisfactorily surmounted, and the team had done hard and faithful work. The prospects looked exceeding bright, and no one can truthfully say that the team had not been kept well up to its mark. But then came the impossible task of holding the team just where it was for a considerable period of time. With no hard game before it until it should meet Yale; with men who, with one or two possible exceptions, understood their positions thoroughly; with team offence and defence practically perfected—the enemy were not at hand, and the waiting for them killed the team, took the fire and eagerness out of it, and set it at a nervous tension that sapped its spirit. It met Yale, and, with the exception of a scant five minutes in the second half, after it had been scored upon and was virtually beaten, the eleven showed but little of its expected power, but, instead, an increasing deterioration, one man after another leaving the field exhausted.

Harvard, with a fund of veteran material, selected a team early in the season, and put that team through a certain set of plays, until every man knew every move by heart. But in building up the 'varsity team and substitutes, and by thus taking out many who would have been valuable opponents, Harvard weakened the strength of the opposition to a considerable degree. A misfortune that could hardly have been foreseen was, in addition, the inferior condition of the teams that were to have furnished Harvard severe practice. These teams all came to Cambridge after, and not before, their hard fights, and the measurement and experience that Harvard might have expected from these games were rendered almost valueless. Banking upon a defence carried over from last year, and finding that defence in these practice games still good, Harvard had no opportunity of realizing that both her defence and offence were not being properly tested. Her defence did persist from last year; her offence was found, when put to a serious trial, to be of insufficient force. Against Yale it failed to score, and against Pennsylvania was far less fierce and irresistible than in previous years.

Cornell consistently improved her game, and, in spite of something of a slump at mid-season, finished strongly against Pennsylvania. Her weakest game was against Harvard. Last year's score with Harvard was 18 to 4. This year it was 24 to 5. But in all her other matches she showed the advance. In 1896 Princeton defeated her, 37 to 0. This year she held Princeton down to 10 points. Last year Pennsylvania defeated her, 32 to 10. This year the score was 4 to 0. It was in defence especially that her game improved. There was far more life to it, and it was well formulated and exceedingly well carried out. Toward the end of the season she had too many plays, and her offence was weakened by too great a variety, though some of her formations were cleverly conceived. At one point in the latter part of the Pennsylvania game a special formation was tried, to which no one on the team seemed to hold the key, and twice in succession the recipient of the ball stood blankly defenceless, waiting for something to happen, which never came off. Had the time expended upon getting that play up to the point of being tried been put upon insuring an interference for Whiting's pretty break through the line, upon which he had Minds alone to pass, the result of that game might have been different.

West Point made good her reputation and her position with the leaders, but until the authorities relent and give West Point a game with her own special rival, Annapolis, we shall never see her put to the test to which every other team of her class—the first—is subjected. It is life or death when Harvard meets Yale, no matter how poor the supposably weaker one may be; it is serious business when Pennsylvania meets Harvard, or when Princeton comes against Yale. It is in these matches, where everything is at stake, that the man who is the real player plays his best, and the grand-stand player loses his nerve and stands exposed. But when West Point meets Harvard or Yale, there is a feeling among the men—and it will be there until the more handicapped team shall have won more than one year—that one team has everything to gain and nothing to lose, that a close score or a tie is a victory. Such a match never can put to the true test the calibre of man or team, and until the army and navy once more meet on the gridiron we shall not see the real nerve tension that fairly measures the playing ability of every man on the team. West Point cannot help this, nor can Annapolis. West Point has been steadily improving her position, and it is a shame that she should not have a chance at that record down there at Annapolis. One must not think that at the Naval Academy football is forgotten. The team this year, though little commented upon, was a strong one, and such men as Halligan and Tardy are not men to be beaten easily by anybody.

Were it not for the fact that West Point has no game with Annapolis, there are men at both academies who would have consideration for an All-America team. Scales and Nesbitt should both, if they played their big game as they have most of their others, be on that team. But if, when it came to a West Point-Annapolis match, the West Point team played as it did in the Wesleyan game, its chances would suffer.

Brown developed, as usual, under Mr. Moyle, good double passing and end-running. Fultz and Gammons made a strong pair, and had the defensive play of the former been stronger, he would have made a place on the representative team.

The Carlisle Indians played some sensational matches, notably that against Pennsylvania, when, thanks to the product of Mr. Bull's work upon Hudson, they led at the end of the first half. But they were defeated in their match with Brown, and there is no question but that the schedule of games of both these teams militated strongly against their showing.

Dartmouth and Brown are so much better than their immediate neighbors that they are considering with wisdom some new arrangements.

The first and surest man to be named for the All-America team is Garrett Cochran, of Princeton. He was far and away the best end on the field this year. He was the fastest man down under kicks, a certain and hard tackler, and withal of great assistance to his line on defensive and offensive play. He was much heavier than the year before, but carried the weight without difficulty, and his exhibition of covering ground at New Haven, during the first half, was the best seen on any field this year. The other end lies between Hall of Yale and Boyle of Pennsylvania.

Hall was not as good an end in the early part of the season as several others that could be named, notably Moulton of Harvard; but Moulton did not keep up his game, owing to either injury or lack of condition. Had Boyle not been so much on the crippled list at the end of the season as to be unable to do himself justice in the Cornell game, he would have had the place. Hall steadily improved, and in his great game was above the form of any man in the lists save Cochran. In addition to his regular play he seemed to have a special instinct that directed him where to be in the case of fumbles, and twice in the Princeton game he saved his side from impending disaster by this ability. Such a quality is worth having in an All-America team, and while it would not make up for weakness in the general department, it adds greatly to the value of a man who, in addition to it, plays his position for all it is worth. Boyle, so long as he was uninjured, played a steady and consistent game, but he was evidently suffering in the Cornell game, or there would have been a different story to tell.

Chamberlin of Yale was easily the first man for the position of tackle on the field during the season. The number of gains made on his side of the line (for it must be remembered that it was not until after mid-season that he was placed in this position) was indeed very small. In the Harvard game he not only stopped plays coming on his side of the line, but several times broke through and brought the play down from behind after it had started toward the other side of the line. Whatever Chamberlin got his hands on he held, and no one man did more for the security of Yale's defence than he. It is true he was not given the ball much for runs, but his assistance in opening holes for other runners was so valuable as to make it better worth while to use him in this way than in any other. Besides this, Chamberlin was a kicker of ability. He was called on but little in the game, but he could readily at any time do some fair punting (his kick that was stopped in the Harvard game being the result of a bad pass and not his fault), and he could place-kick with especial accuracy. In the Yale-West Point game, when Corwin made his touch-down, bringing the score 4-6 in West Point's favor, and leaving it absolutely necessary for Yale to kick the goal to prevent defeat and disgrace, Chamberlin was the man who did it, and it was not an easy task, either.

Rodgers, Yale's most successful captain, who has been Chamberlin's mate on the Yale team throughout the season, was handicapped by his serious illness at the end of the summer, and did not fully recover his strength and tone until the very last game of the season—that with Princeton. On that day he played a better game than he has ever put up before, and was a match for Chamberlin. Had he played up to the same standard in the earlier games, Yale could have claimed two tackles on the All-America team. No one could ask for a better man than was Rodgers in the Princeton game, and no honor could be too great for him. But he attained the only honor he cared for when his team won. Rodgers's running with the ball in the Princeton game was irresistible; and when Yale actually needed the distance, whether it was one yard or four yards, Rodgers could get it.

The other tackle goes to Outland of Pennsylvania. This man played a strong and aggressive game. He lacked the steadfastness of Rodgers, but had much of his determination, and with it considerable of the dash of Chamberlin. His work in the Cornell game was not quite up to his former standard, and he was more easily boxed than either Chamberlin or Scales has been in any of their matches. But his general play throughout the season, both in offence and defence, gained him the place.

Scales of West Point is one of the most powerful tackles on the field to-day. In one or two of his early games, owing to an injury, he was slow, and this told against him and against his team; but when he is sound and fit, there is no better man on the gridiron this season. He was able in defensive work, but his strongest point lay in running with the ball, and he was the most difficult man on the field to stop.

The first guard's place goes to Hare of Pennsylvania, who, unlike many of his team, put up one of his best games toward the very end. In fact, his work throughout the season has been very consistent. He is a good tackler, a fast runner, and a strong, powerful man in every respect. One would expect him to be lacking in judgment, owing to his comparative inexperience in big games, but his work could hardly be said to merit that criticism. When given the ball, he never gave up; when his comrade had the ball, he never stopped pushing for him; and when his opponents had the ball, he never thought of the possibility of anybody else tackling them but Hare.

The other guard goes to Brown of Yale. His comrade, Chadwick, in two games not only equalled him, but surpassed him. But on an All-America team there must be no man of whom one may not always be sure. Brown was the most reliable man that stood in the position this year. He played the place for every bit there was in it, and no one saw any guard face Brown who did not become entirely occupied in the duties of his immediate neighborhood. The Yale system does not call upon the guards for quite the same amount of work that some others do, and Yale did not run her guards, or attempt to run them, during the season. Hence Brown was deprived of an opportunity of exhibiting the special individual work shown by Hare or Bouvé or McCracken.

Chadwick, in two big games, with the exception of five minutes in the second half of the Princeton match, played the best guard of the year, no one excepted, and, so far as the regular guard's work was concerned, he played a game that has not been surpassed by any guard in the history of the sport, and has been equalled by but few. Throughout the season previous to the Harvard game his work had been erratic, and it looked as though he would not be used on the team, but he demonstrated the wisdom of giving him the position, and in the end played it for all there was in it. Rinehart of Lafayette and Halligan of Annapolis also deserve notice.

Doucette of Harvard was the most reliable and steadiest centre on the field. He got the ball back well for his quarter, handled those difficult long passes to the full-back well, and guarded the centre opening in good fashion. He somehow did not seem as strong toward the end of the season in his play as he was at first. He did not back up his tackle in the remarkable way he was doing in late October, and his assistance to his team did not increase during November. But as Cadwalader, the next best man, did not go to centre until late in the year, the Harvard man deserves the place. Perhaps this is only fair too, for Cadwalader has the promise before him of making the greatest name of any centre that ever walked the gridiron.

Cadwalader had the advantage of all the other centres in physique, and his general play was the best. He, however, was not quite regular in getting the ball back to his quarter, and De Saulles had to do some quick hand-work in the scrimmage. Cadwalader might not be an ideal centre in aggressive work, and this might have proved more apparent had he been less well backed up by his two remarkable guards. It did not make so much difference whether Cadwalader forced his man back every time in a scrimmage as it would to some other centres, for Brown and Chadwick were more than doing their duty. It is probable that some of this lack of aggressiveness came from the injury to Cadwalader's shoulder, which certainly had had hardly time for a thorough recovery, but he was never forced back upon his quarter.

He was also one of the most reliable place-kickers of the year. He never missed a goal when it was of importance, and his own accuracy and confidence seemed to make his team feel more certain that all their work in securing touch-downs would be made of proper account by accurate conversion of them into goals.

Young of Cornell was the best all-round man in the quarter-back's position. He lacked the brilliancy of De Saulles, and was by no means as certain a retriever of fumbles or errors as the Yale man, but to match up with this he was an excellent drop-kicker and punter, and could be relied upon for both these performances at times when they were of the greatest importance. In the early part of the game against Pennsylvania his work was not up to the standard of the rest of the season. Whether this was due to a slippery ground, or whether he was given too much to do, it is impossible to tell; but his kicks should have been considerably longer, and it would have made much difference to his team at that time. On the other hand, he enabled them to score in the Harvard game, and went very close to bringing about the same thing in the Pennsylvania game.

De Saulles, although early in the season not showing himself anything remarkable in the way of selecting plays for his team, certainly showed all the qualities of a good general in both the Harvard and Princeton games. For unadulterated nerve, his calling for punts in the second half of the Harvard game, without exhausting his men by waiting for the third down, was something worth seeing, and it worked exactly as he had calculated. Harvard was astonished at the display of confidence, and gradually made way for Yale. De Saulles's judgment in the use of running plays at times in the Princeton game was of the highest order, and throughout both of his big matches, with a very limited number of possible plays, he succeeded in getting practically every pound of force out of his team. The tendency to let one man become the star of the team, and run, kick, and pass the ball for all the rest of the team, is growing too rapidly, and does not, in the long-run, help a team to win. Had Young been the full-back on the Cornell team, and done half the work he did, he would have been nearer beating Pennsylvania. As a quarter on the All-America team we do not need a punter or a drop-kicker. The full-back will do those things. But we do want a man to run the team, to retrieve errors, to be all over the back field on defence against placed punts, and that man is unquestionably De Saulles. Hence his claim to the place is the stronger.

When it comes to half-backs, Dibblee of Harvard has combined an immunity from injury with hard running, both at the ends and through the line, to such an extent as to entitle him to first choice. His defensive work has been good, and his reliability high. Brilliant runners are apt to be subject to off days, careless moments, and injuries, but Dibblee was not liable to any of these misfortunes.

As for the other place, Kelly of Princeton, in spite of his temporary illness, is the man for the position. He has made the gains and played the defence to deserve it, in spite of the time he was laid off. If a sick man with an injured shoulder can run, and help others to run, as he did when called upon in the Yale-Princeton game, then we must put up with one such on the All-America team; and if, well and fit, he can do any better, our team will be just that much ahead. Kelly's line-bucking will especially supplement Dibblee's bursts of speed around an end, and his defence is valuable, owing to his weight.

At full-back, Minds of Pennsylvania is the undoubted choice. He is a good runner, interferes well, pushes his man ahead strongly, can punt, drop-kick, and place-kick with facility. His punts are not as long as we could wish, but they are regular, and he can place them where we want them, so that, by a judicious quick turn from a running to a kicking game, we can get the ball past the opposing full-back or out of his immediate reach, and Cochran and Hall can hold the ground for us.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM.

First Eleven.	Second Eleven.	Third Eleven.
Cochran, Princeton.	Boyle, Penn.	Moulton, Harvard.
Chamberlin, Yale.	Rodgers, Yale.	Hillebrand, Princeton.
Hare, Penn.	Chadwick, Yale.	Bouvé, Harvard.
Doucette, Harvard.	Cadwalader, Yale.	Overfield, Penn.
Brown, Yale.	Rinehart, Lafayette.	McCracken, Penn.
Outland, Penn.	Scales, West Point.	Donald, Harvard.
Hall, Yale.	McKeever, Cornell.	Tracy, Cornell.
De Saulles, Yale.	Young, Cornell.	Baird, Princeton.
Dibblee, Harvard.	Nesbitt, West Point.	Bannard, Princeton.
Kelly, Princeton.	Fultz, Brown.	Walbridge, Lafayette.
Minds, Penn.	McBride, Yale.	Wheeler, Princeton.

As a matter of fact, it strikes the writer, as it will many of the coaches in the country who read this, that, while the first column is the fair thing as a reward of merit—each man according to his deserts for the entire season's play—his fancy would be for the second; and if the eleven named in the second column could be handled dexterously for a week until they got together, they would beat the reward-of-merit men. But it would be a pleasure to handle either team, and the only regret is that one has not room for nearly fifty more men, for there are that many first-class players scattered over the country.

It may be interesting to know how the above list was finally made up. The writer lays claim to no special knowledge or authority, and hence has taken the utmost pains to follow the men carefully throughout the season. He has seen every man on the team play, most of them in several matches, and each one in his big match as well as in lesser ones. Then, as a finale to the season, the notes made upon all these matches were carefully gone over, the coaches of several of the doubtful men were interviewed, and the results given due weight. Then many of those who, with the football fever, have followed the sport closely for years were invited to give their opinions. It was a most delightful fact that almost every coach had the most implicit faith in the men on his team, and several of the graduates, when asked to name an All-America team, would, after naming one or two of other teams, drift back to their own teams, irresistibly naming the men they cared for so much.

To coaches and players and enthusiasts who read this column let me state the questions the writer put to himself before reaching a final decision. Has any team succeeded in forcing that right side, Brown, Chamberlin, and Hall? Is the left side weaker, with the best guard and best end of the season, and between them the fastest tackle of the year? Would the centre trio offer any greater inducement to the assaulting party with the fastest two guards of the year flanking the steadiest defensive centre? How would this line be backed up with the weight of Kelly and Minds? Would any captain enjoy sending punts down to De Saulles and Dibblee to run back? To De Saulles, whom not Cochran, Craig, Moulton, or Cabot could keep from coming back thirty and forty yards at a time; to Dibblee, the most feared man, and rightly so, of the year in a broken-up field? How would be the offence? Yale's best defence could not stop Kelly when he was almost going it alone. What would it take when he had Minds, De Saulles, and Dibblee helping him go through holes made for him by Chamberlin and Brown, Hare and Outland? Would an interfering body consisting of Kelly, De Saulles, and Minds smother Dibblee's runs so that he would be caught from behind? And how could Minds perform with such help as Kelly's and De Saulles's with Cochran and Hall, the two best tackle boxers of the day? Would goal-kicking suffer with Minds and Chamberlin to drop-kick or convert touch-downs? Finally, what would be the spirit and dash of a team containing De Saulles, Kelly, Dibblee, Chamberlin, Hare, Brown, Outland, and Cochran?

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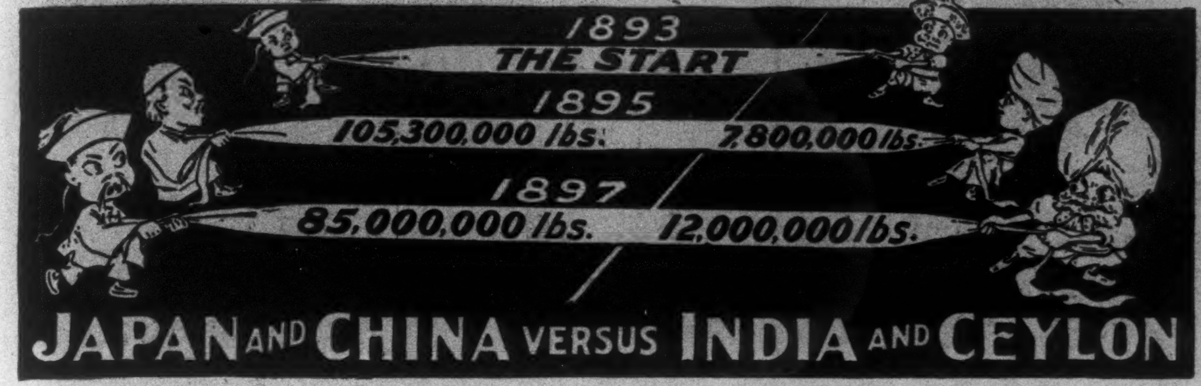

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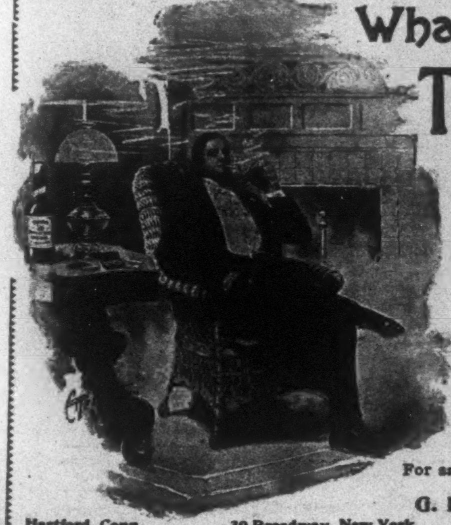

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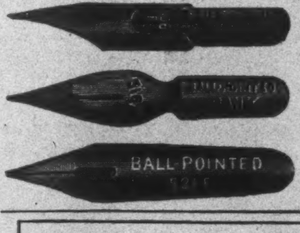

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